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ONYX 1971

Hawken School
Gates Mills, Ohio
Volume VIII

DEDICATION . . .

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need.

— Robert Barnfield



IKE

"It happens in a flash but the memory of it lasts forever. It cannot be begged, borrowed or stolen, but it is of no earthly good to anyone until it is given away. So if in your hurry you meet someone who is too weary to smile, leave one of yours, for no one needs a smile quite so much as he who has none to give!

"It takes only 17 muscles to smile . . . 43 muscles to frown. Conserve energy!"

— Thom McAn
Shoe Stores

SMILE!!!





If I had wings, no one would ask me, should I fly . . .
The bird sings, no one asks why!
I can see in myself wings as I feel them —
If you see something else
Keep your thoughts to yourself
I'll fly free then!

Yesterday's eyes see their colors fading away
They see their suns turning to grey
You can't share in a dream you don't believe in —
If you say that you see and pretend to be me
You won't be then!

How can you ask me if I'm happy going' my way?
You might as well ask a child at play!
There is no need to discuss or understand me —
I won't ask of myself to become someone else —
I'll just be me!

— Peter, Paul and Mary





My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky;

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

— Wordsworth



Dawn to dawn a lifetime
The birds sing and day's begun
The heavens shine from dawn to dusk
With golden rays of sun.
People on their way
Beginning a brand new day
All over hearing people say,
"It's a beautiful day today."



People in the streets
Rushing everywhere,
Moving fast, and now I know
They've got to get somewhere.
People on their way
Beginning a brand new day.
All over hearing people say,
"It's a beautiful day today."

— Bob Mosley (Moby Grape)





"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things."

— Henry David Thoreau



"Looking at the snow and trees that grow
outside my window . . .
Looking at the things that pass me by.
Wondering if where I've been
is worth the things I've been through —
ending with a friend named sunny skies."

— James Taylor





"O for a life of Sensations
rather than of thoughts."

— John Keats





After all, no one can ever give the exact measure
of his needs, of his thoughts, of his sorrows.

Human language is like a cracked kettle on which we
beat out tunes for bears to dance to, when all the
time we are longing to move the stars to pity.

Gustave Flaubert, in *MADAME BOVARY*





IN MEMORIAM . . .



JAMES ALBERT HAWKEN

Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Matthew Arnold

COME WHAT WILL

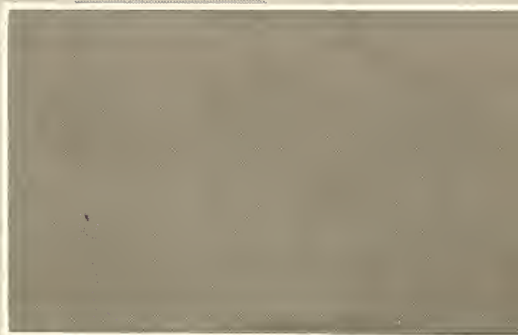
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FACULTY

JAMES B. YOUNG
HEADMASTER





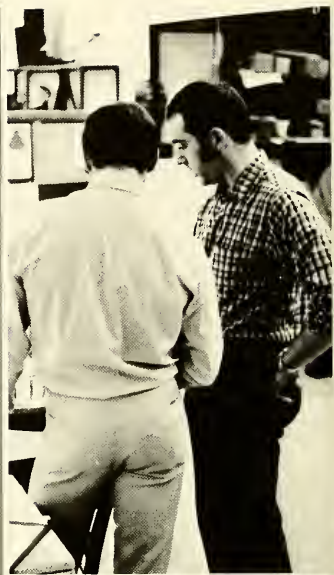
George Riser



Keith Warner



Geoffrey Kelly



Charles Marzec



John Pickering



Michael McElroy



Michael Schlesinger





David Rosenzweig



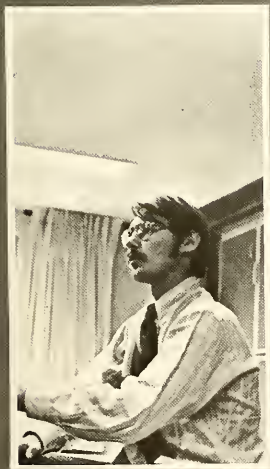
Marjorie Johnson



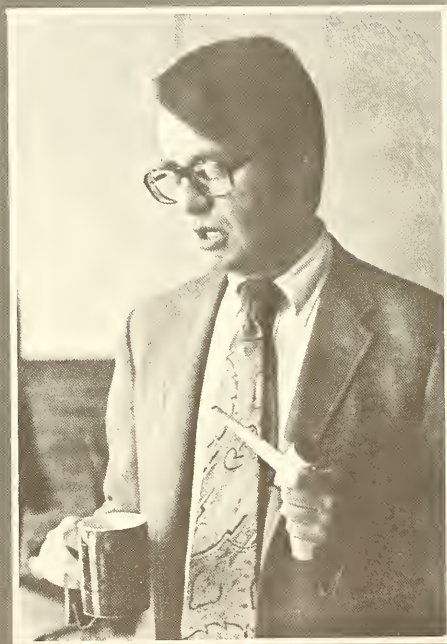
Katherine Friedell



Donald Martin



Busty Michell



Steven Kark



Edith Gynn



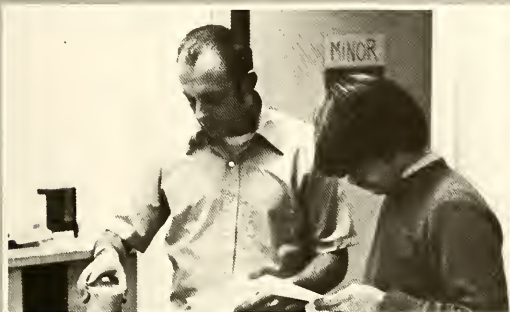
Thomas Bryan



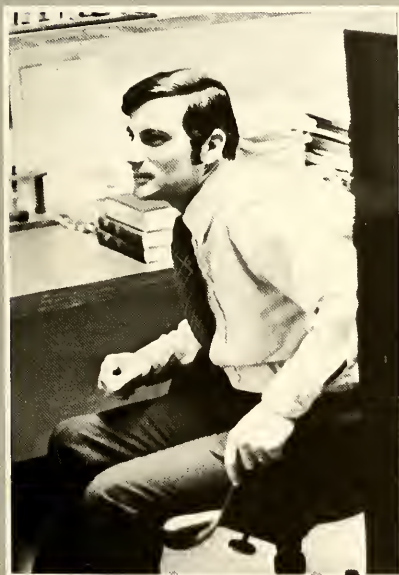
Ruth MacMaster



Gnat Carter



Inez Budd



Fred Hoffman



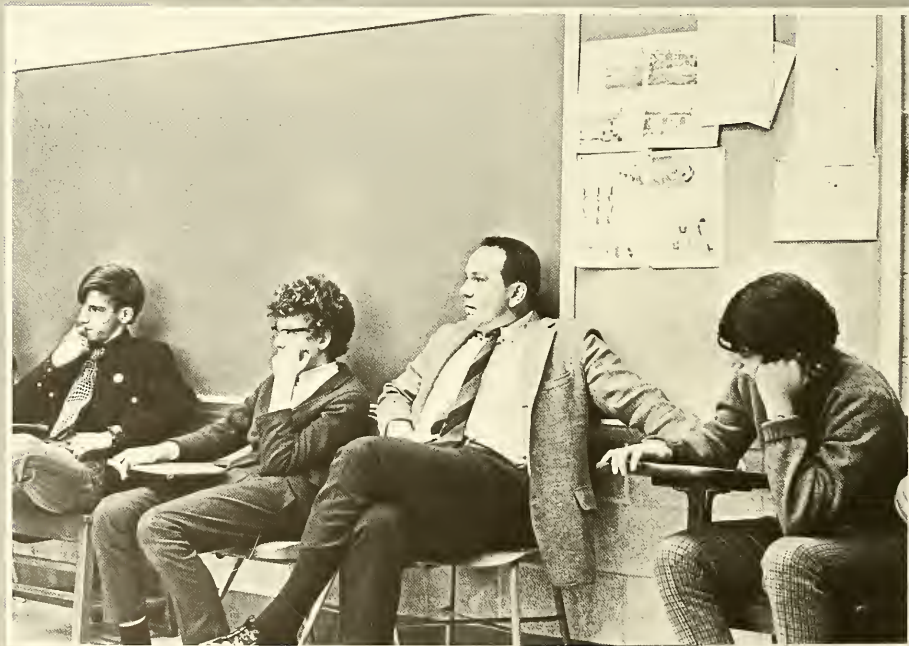
James Snively

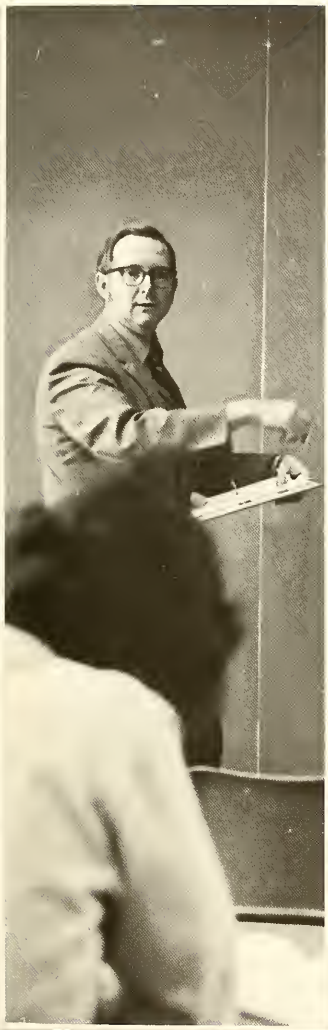


James Bresnicky



Kenyon Cramer





Jay Jeffrey



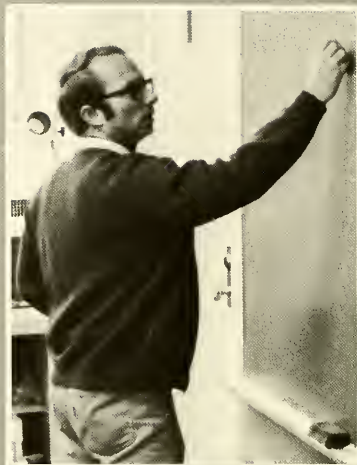
Alice Coles, Katherine Dunlop



Robert Timoteo



Lee Henry



Lawrence Nelson



Ronald Robinson





Richard Marsh



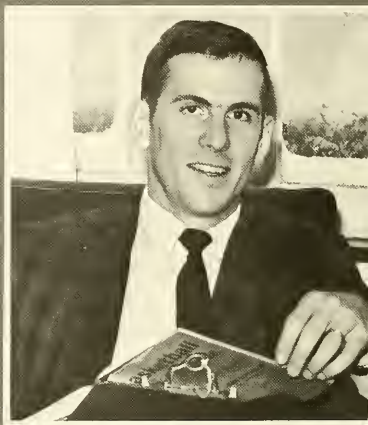
Robert Wheeler



James Lovell



Robert Small



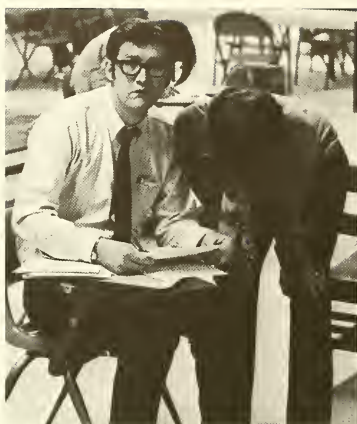
Fletcher Simpson



Lucille MacArthur







SENIORS



EVERETT ANDERSON

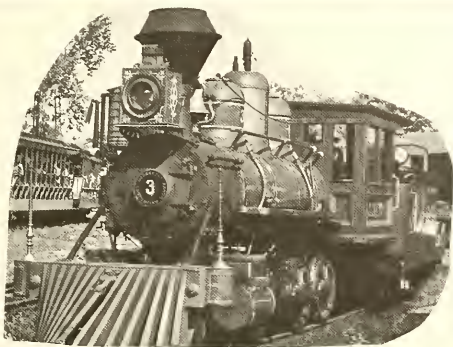


My twelve years at Hawken have come to a close and foremost in my thoughts is the calibre of education made available to me. It is my intent that I reflect the discipline of learning inculcated at Hawken as I further my schooling at the University of Rochester.

It is with unhappiness that I will recall that I was a "non-participant" so far as school spirit is concerned. During my primary years, it was very evident that I was a very poor athlete. As I went on to middle school, I was even more convinced of this fact. This lack in me held me back from making friends and my shy nature became only more so. I always had the desire to co-operate in helping my school but I grew into a rut unless I was directly approached.

Hawken has made an impression on me — although I feel I have not made an impression on the school. I believe it is the aggressive outgoing student who derives the most from a school with the personality of Hawken — each boy on his own.

I would like to leave the following quotation of Eric Fromm's from his *MAN FOR HIMSELF* as a small contributing thought: "... there is no meaning to life except the meaning man gives his life by the unfolding of his powers, by living productively; ..."



HUNT AUGUSTUS
Entered 1958



Aside from the sixth grade riot Hunter's not a bad guy. When I came to Hawken, it took him only two weeks to render me a whimpering wretch. Since then, however, subsequent to his pejorative salutations (miseries rendered; he has become increasingly mellowed and more or less come into his own. The fact that this transition took the better part of the first four years I knew him, (since 7th grade), is, I think, much to his credit.

Also to his credit is the fact that while most of his friends are word-men, big-talkers, Hunter is a do-bee; He is much of the drive behind the Forestry Comm. and the proverbial perpetrator of our plans. But he's not a function, he's an engineer, and when the gang ain't nothing' but hobos, he'll be running' the train.

P.M.



JONATHAN P. BASS

ACTIVITIES

Bookstore Committee 2,3, Co-Chairman 4
Affirmative No 2,3, Editorial Board 4

ATHLETICS

One on One 1
Brewer 3
Festering 1
Scatology 3,4



When all the laughter dies in sorrow,
And the tears have risen to a flood,
When all the wars have found a cause,
In human wisdom and in blood;
Do you think they'll cry in sadness,
Do you think the eye will blink,
Do you think they'll curse the madness,
Do you even think they'll think.

When all the great galactic systems,
Sigh to a frozen halt in space,
Do you think there will be some remnant,
Of beauty of the human race,
Do you think there will be a vestige,
Or a snuffle or a tear,
Do you think a greater thinking thing,
Will give a damn that man was here.

— Kendrew Lascelles

RICHARD D. BECHTEL

Activities	
Soccer	1,2,3,4
Tennis	1,3,4
Pong	4
Calliope	4
Onyx	4
Outsiders	2,3
A.F.S.	4





ANDREW GEORGE BING
Entered 1959

ACTIVITIES

Onyx 4
Red Key Society 3,4
We Want Your Money
Record Co. 4
Cleveland Cruisers 3,4
Beachwood Fight 2
Sons of Liberty 2
D.M.G. 2,3,4

SPORTS

Soccer 1,2,3,4
Track 1,2,3,4
Winter Spirits Committee 4



"Who do you want to call?
Where do you want to go?"

Always looks so good on the outside,
When you get to believin' it's true then you know,
That you're on your way,
People tug on your shirt, say you're lucky,
You got everything you want but you don't,
Yet you dare not say.

— Bread





DAVID GRAHAM CLARKE

Entered 1966

What can one say? Dave is a warm and understanding person. He is willing to give up his time for others no matter what the reason is. He is always in a good mood or can easily be put in one.

Dave is the backbone of this year's undefeated swim team. He seldom took a first place (not to say that he didn't try for it) but anyone knows that the second and third place points are, at times, equally as important in winning a meet as the first place points. He is seldom satisfied with his work as a student as well as a swimmer but knowing that he will become greater if he works gives him the initiative to do better.

To say Dave is not an adventurer is a simple lie. Being a Hawken Outsider, he has explored many areas close by. Aside from seeing America by foot or on the family's snowmobile, he has covered half of Europe and especially the country of Finland as an A.F.S. student to that country. The next area to be explored is that of women.

Dave is truly a sincere kid. His goals are set realistically and the fact that he is warm-hearted makes him many friends and few enemies.

Z.F.

ACTIVITIES

Glee Club: 1
Forestry Committee: 2,3
Outsiders: 2,3,4
A.F.S. Committee
(co-chairman): 4
A.F.S. Foreign Exchange
Student to Finland: 3

ATHLETICS

Tennis: 1
Soccer: 1,2
Track: 3,4
Swimming: 1,2,3,4
Member, G.L.A.C. Volleyball Team;
Champs: 3
Runner-up: 4



ROBERT POOLE CREASE, JR.

Bob Crease will run for political office someday. He will probably succeed in getting elected, just as he has succeed in winning the respect of many students at Hawken.



Bob's senior project saw him whisked off to Washington, D.C. to straighten out Charlie Vanik. Someday maybe Bob Crease will be heard to shout; "I am the President!" (and make no mistake about it!).

Bob came from Philadelphia to join us three years ago. He is the school's foremost expert on Congressional affairs (including Mr. Schlesinger). He can checkmate you in chess before you can say, "Bella Abzug." He can pin you on the wrestling mat (if you weigh 105 lbs.) quicker than you can say "Tony DiGiovanni." Despite these extracurricular activities, "Creaser" maintains a high honor average.





Peter: Unpretentious, selfless, nimble, lover of life, a disciple of the blues. This is what he is and always will be, and I know only a handful like him. Whatever values I have left out do not matter, for they are assuredly good. He is a genuine human being, uninhibited and without a sense of evil.

What you see here on this

page is the outcome of hours of time and effort of a few people. For anyone else our inherent laziness would have stopped us far short of here. As

it is we have not done enough. I cannot recall a time when he was truly angered; neither can I recall a time when he complained. He will never hang up his hockey skates or stop feeling the blues; more importantly he will never stop being himself.

The blues is like that beautiful feeling of hope deep in my heart. To me, Peter is that blues.



PETER ANTHONY DEWOLFE

THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED TO ALL MY FRIENDS (you know who you are)

WARREN DUSENBURY

Welcome aboard Mr. Pilgrim, "the loudspeaker blared; "any questions?"

Billy licked his lips and thought for a while. Finally he asked: "Why me?"

"That is a very (human) question to ask," the loudspeaker replied. "Why you? Why us for that matter? Why anything? Because the moment simply is. Have you ever seen bugs trapped in amber?"

... "Yes" ...

"Well, here we are trapped in the amber of this moment. There is no why."

K. Vonnegut Jr.
(from THE SLAUGHTER-
HOUSE-FIVE)



Mr. Dusenbury could rule the world (for that matter any fool could) or possibly even save it (being a messiah saviour is not too difficult these days) if he only wanted to; the ability is there but the initiative is the problem. When asked about this apparent apathy he calmly replies; "Don't bother me with such trivia; there are more important things for me to worry about ... somewhere ..."



Red rubber bands around the wrist; why? Oh, they might be useful someday, you say ... haircuts were never meant to be enjoyed; I don't care what little tyrant of a director, Emerman, says. How the hell did you ever get to be an American ambassador. Wads of dark (greasy) locks lie scattered on my lavender carpet — tragic! Ah but why don't you see that the world around you cramps your style? Hmm ... you always did like to sleep, to dream and to watch your dreams (we are all but what we dream) ...

(all words, mere words, meaningless words)

C.C. (with help from a friend)

DANIEL ROBERT EMERMAN

"Ah yes, if only I could bear to be alone, I mean prattle away with not a soul to hear. Not that I flatter myself you hear much, no Willie, God forbid. Days perhaps when you hear nothing. But days too when you answer. So that I may say at all times, even when you do not answer and perhaps hear nothing. Something of this is being heard, I am not merely talking to myself, that is in the wilderness, a thing I could never bear to do — for any length of time."

Samuel Beckett
HAPPY DAYS





HOWARD GREGG EPSTEIN

ACTIVITIES

Player's Society 1,2,3,4
 concessions Manager 4
 Technical Director 4
 Red Key Service 3,4
 Glee Club 2,3
 Secretary 3
 Library Committee 3

ATHLETICS

Soccer 1, Manager 2,3,4



GARY WALTHER FIORDALIS
Entered 1959

ACTIVITIES

Glee Club 1,2,3, President 4
Youth Council 2,3,4
Onyx 3, Business Manager 4
Red Key 3,4
A.F.S. Committee 4
Bookstore Committee 4

ATHLETICS

Football 1,2,3,4
Swimming 1
Wrestling 2
Baseball 1
Tennis 2,3,4
Scholastic Art Show,
1 Place 3, 2 Places 4



Some of us are leaders and some of us are led, but there are only a few of us who are willing to serve. Zip is one of those few. A large, lovable, sometimes flying fortress, Zip does not make enemies and seldom finds cause for anger. He learned how to play aggressive football but prefers to help and not hurt. Although athletically inclined, he has not placed this first among his goals. Hard and dedicated work, whether it be in the classroom, on the playing field, or applied to his many outside activities and interests, is an adequate description of Zip's enthusiastic nature. He loves to laugh with uncontrolled volume and, speaking of volume, the walls can hardly wait until that booming voice has graduated. The yearbook has never seen a business manager as diligent and well organized as Zip was this year. Along with this, Zip handled the organization of the A.F.S. Fair and the presidency of the Glee Club, where he tried his hand at conducting and soloing. And now, having seen the French firsthand, he has decided to give the Hawaiians the added pleasure of another Fiordalis and will be conducting his senior project on the island of Oahu, helping to restore the sailing vessel, THE FALLS OF CLYDE . . . So shall end the Hawken career of Gary Fiordalis, the anchor man of five sons, and this phase of the Fiordalis family's 54 years of investment in Hawken.



PAUL ROGER GALLIN

The sot you see above laid out on the Pong table has just overdosed on the hops. There is no cause for alarm, however, and I believe it is the first time in four weeks (since the last Pong match) that he has put his mind to rest. You see, if you had asked him seven hours prior to his release what he wanted to do, he would have likely replied "Nothing" or "I don't know". Ask him now. He will smile and say "Dry out and soak up another six." I don't mean to suggest that he lives out of a bottle; he knows better. I only mean to point out the occasional reversion to this curious lunch-box state is a well deserved panacea to almost vigilant boredom. Why is he bored? Because he knows better.

He is pleasant in the morning, and is averse to ego-tripping. He is confidently uncertain (which resembles temperance, but is not) he likes fried chicken for breakfast. I used to run track with him. We had a fine time punishing ourselves. It is hard work and is pointless, other than as exorcism of the soul. And I picture him running through the woods on pace, without stumbling. He leaves fallibility to be desired.

ROBERT WILLIAM GOODLOW

The time I have always dreamed of, wondered about, has arrived: graduation. To graduate from the Twelfth Grade is indeed a great event; it is at this time when a person can truly define and assess his values. One should become conscious of his attributes and his deficiencies so that he will be able to better surmount life's tests. In these past years Hawken has helped me in gaining much of the strength and knowledge I will need for the future.

As we look forward to moving on to college I wish the best to everyone of the Hawken Class of '71.



ACTIVITIES

Outsiders 2,3,4
Glee Club 1,2,3,4
Youth Council 3,4
Player's Society 3,4
Afro-Am Society 2,3
Chapel Committee 4

ATHLETICS

Soccer 1
Track 1,2
Cross-Country 3



P.S. — Long live the SCRC!
(Senior Class Reunion Committee)





JON GRESSEL

gress
is the
minstrel
of
love
and
compassion •
he will first
gnarl
and then
snort
then
gasp
and finally
laugh violently •
seemingly
hesitant,
he is actually
confident
and
carefree •
he plays a
sweet
and mellow
song,
listen
and
love
it.

j.m.

Though it is true that Gres is the victim of accelerated growth, and is consequently an eighteen year young dirty old man, and that his groveling snort is enough to turn off Dr. Calderone (and that he did go out and get a brush-cut just to alienate his friends) he is a true human being (when he is sleeping).



peace

Duke Duke
Oh Duke
Oh Oh
Duke
This is the ode of Duke
This is my ode of Duke
If it were Duke's ode
Would he mention

his five o'clock shadow
in seventh grade
and how we threw berries
at him

(we never hit him with sticks)

When I think of Duke I think of football . . . and how we thought he should be good because he was gargantuan . . . and he denied us that . . . and how we thought he was too dumb and witless to hold a position of responsibility . . . and he denied us that . . . and how we thought he loved power . . . and he denied us that. Duke has transcended the love of power. Unto what I cannot say. The past is real and it is clear. But now is the present, and the present is incomprehensible. I cannot say where Duke is now, for even his vision is blurred. I can only say what I feel. Duke feels better this year . . . Duke even feels good to me this year. How he feels unto himself; cannot say, for this is my ode of Duke.

B.

JOHN NATHANIEL HART, 16



DAVID JOEL HELLERSTEIN

Vladimir: Well, shall we go?
Estragon: Yes, let's go.

They do not move.
(WAITING FOR GODOT)



A bursting inner crime . . . Should I (abstract creation of a nonexistent mind) deign to reveal my true character in the pages of the Hawken Onyx? I doubt it. Instead, I'll foil your rushing eyes with some assertive garbage, and permit you to only vaguely comprehend the foolish complexity of my situation.

In seriousness, though, I should give a review of my senior year, to better explain my unique and periled position. I grew my hair long and talked about repressiveness. I went to Rhineland's party. I learned (from the experts, Orr and O'Day) how to cruise on Saturday nights, and I began to write. The faculty finally kicked me out (euphemistically on early senior project) for insubordination. I love tormenting teachers and was getting quite good at it.

Other things: I like playing violin and drawing and sleeping and talking and eating and sex. As I said, I write, but a year-book is not a place for tormented philosophizing, and as you, the celebrated Reader, are certainly reading this merely for pleasure, I have spared you . . . Well, what are you waiting for, Reader? Go on over to Holden.

Steve Holden has been going to Hawken since 7th grade. But few people at his school know Steve. I guess I sorta do — at least enough to create the illusion of summing up Steve for his "Senior Profile." Steve has a sharp but simple mind. "What! An insult to a friend," you readers might indignantly cry. But this is really a well-concealed compliment. You see, while the rest of us gradually go crazy from "Identity crises" and "who am I" dilemmas, Steve will be quite sane wondering what record to buy or where to go skiing or how drunk to get; you know, simple, mundane things like that. It's not that Steve hasn't wondered

about all the crucial questions.

He has. But he has decided that the answers are unimportant to his well-being. Steve will live a long happy life while the rest of us endure nervous breakdowns, commit suicide or suffer some equally unpleasant result of our tendency to complicate matters and thus cause depression.

In ten, or twenty or thirty years, I can sorta envision myself talking to Steve (my-self in a straight jacket, of course).

"Well, Steve, where to this weekend? Aspen or Vail? And what's that under your arm? Ah ... Led Zeppelin 17? No! I don't like Led Zeppelin ... I see you're looking at that chick. Yah! She's sorta fine. (Warren Dusenbury)

It's all a matter
Of opening up your eyes,
and looking around
Coz it's all there — it's all there
I said, taking the sunshine in.

— James Taylor

Hey! I've got nothing to do today but smile.

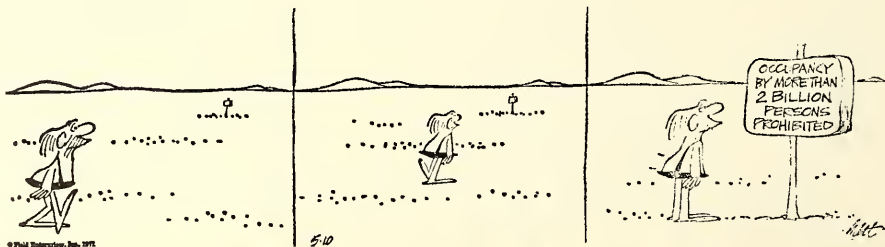


Soccer 1,2,3,4
Outsiders 1,2,3,4



JONATHAN HULL

Jon Hull is Hawken's unrecognized freak. HE doesn't drink or smoke dope and even has been known to speak affectionately of his parents. But wherever Hull goes he carries an atmosphere which is far more bizarre than any drug induced experience. He's a queer mixture of uninhibited spontaneity and repressed ego. His problem is that he is unrecognized for his originality and wit among his peers and is constantly a target of their abuse. However he remains stalwart and hopefully he will always be himself which quite possibly is the most complex personality I have ever known.



© Phil Witte, New York, 1972

510

WHAT AHAZE
CHIHUAHUA!
iAY cer

E. L.

ALTA

T. M.



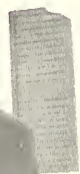
apples

J. A.

G. A.

A. H.

ROSSIGNOL



Mac Humphreys

F. M.

PING-pong



b e no

M.B.S.
G.P.
A.B.
T.F.
U.S.
P.G.



JONATHAN IZANT

Who else would go tramping through the snow
to get a picture of snow tracks?
Who else has Mr. Marcee for a pal?
Who else could run out of gas five times in a
year and a half?
Who else would go paddling down the Grand
River in a rubber raft?
Who else would buy tickets for a Hawken play
in advance (but forget money for parking)?
Who else would drive around Shaker Square
17 times (just because it was his 17th birth-
day)?
Who else has a cat (Tiger) that's famous? Now I
ask you —
Who else could be all these things
But the one and only Jon Izant.
Who else tries as hard as Jon does?
Who else is as kind and understanding as Jon is?
Who else remembers the little things which are
so important in life?
Who else is as insane but as fantastic as Jon is?
And most important of all —
Who else in the world knows what a Snerd-
body-fudgrass really is?





before

LANCE GRAYDEN KINSEY

This dude means business. One look into his steely eyes has frozen scores of strapping studs with virtual terror. He detests levity and only last year punched out no less a bear than Rich Amsden for merely smiling. He has a passion for perfection and is said to have spat when he found that he had scored a mortal 799 on his English achievement. He likes his women fast and his action furious and once carried a pocket flask of grain alcohol to dancing school. His dual cam hemie under glass T-bird eats Mach Ones for breakfast, and he cruises for steak and potatoes when the boys are messin with burgers. It was in Tragedy one fateful day that Mr. Pickering had the temerity to spoof an interpretation of Lance's. Lance leapt to his feet, fists clenched, eyes wild with wrath. "Thats not funny," hissed Lance. Mr. Pickering's hands trembled, his voice quavered as he croaked "Pin a rose on me; go ahead; I want you to." To say that Lance has brought fear to the halls of Hawken is an understatement: Coach Timateo calls him sir.

Alright, I guess I am stretching the truth a bit. He DOES drive a T-bird. Mann says he saw Lance at a cast party talking to a faculty member who was just the tiniest bit oiled. Mann, auditing their conversation briefly, claims he was unable to discern which of them had been denting the bottle, despite Lance's insistence that he was dry as a bone. Lance is living proof that the best sense isn't always good sense.
P.M.



after





JOHN HENNING
LINDGREN

Most students at Hawken feel that Johnny is a good man and here and now I intend to dispel that rumor. He is not a "good man"; he is far too complex an individual for that. The epithet implies nothing more than tacit affability and it would be a great injustice to dismiss him so lightly. He is a man of many emotions, but he rarely displays them to any but his closest friends. He is extremely shy however he shows his strength on the wrestling mat and baseball diamond. There is a lot more to Johnny than one can first discern looking at his quiet figure walking through Hawken's halls. Too often his shyness is mistaken for a lack of personality, but to those who know him his personality shines through his shy mask.

MARK H. LITTLE

You're the son of your father
Try a little bit harder
Do for me as he would do for you
With blood and water, bricks and mortar
He built for you a home
You're the son of your father
So treat me as your own.

Elton John



"For this land was permeated with dying; this bounteous land, where plants grew overnight, where Jonas had watched a mushroom push from the carcass of a drowned beaver and in a few hours swell to the size of a hat — this bounteous land was saturated with moist and terrible dying.

"... Saturated and overflowing! The feeling haunted Jonas's days and tortured his sleep. O, Jesus, light of life, fill the darkness. He was being smothered. He was being drowned. He felt he might awake some foggy morn with moss across his eyes and one of those hellish toadstools sprouting in the mist from his own carcass. 'No!'"

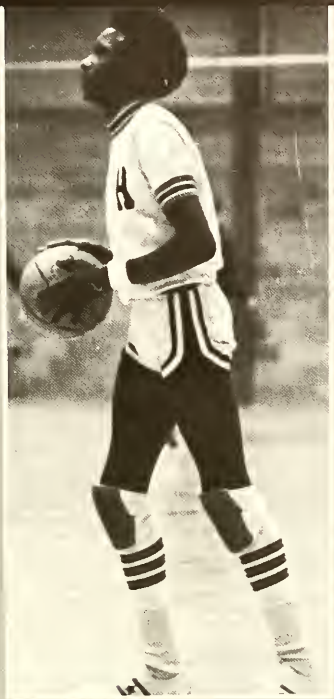
— Ken Kesey



On my way I followed
All a dozen roads to ends
That tremble and fade
Midst the bleach of recollection.
With confidence the sun will hide
And the sky will not spit rain
To quench the parched words
That whisper rough and rasping
On the plain.
Often we waited too long
For night to fall and spell our heat,
And desperation made dark and coolness meet.
Nighttime only hid what still remained.
How many mornings did we wake
To find that solitude and order's rape
Yet fraught our sleepless minds
With the pain of no escape.

Woke, waking, I awoke
To see splintered sunlight edge
Pine forest bed,
Bend and shine all over me
And break softly to gentle laughter
In the leaves, the breeze,
And thinking sighs
"Its just the morning,
Nothings changed,"
Nothing
But the light and the laughter
And the ease of being born.

PETER DUSTIN MCCREARY



BILLY MCKAY

Checking the physical education records, and looking under the name of "McKay William", one would find "height: 5'2", weight 118 lbs." Billy has grown more than anyone else since ninth grade in more ways than one. No one knows the torment he went through when he felt that he was selling out to people who not only might not care, but also represented things he might even detest. These moments of torment were few for Billy because he is a lover. He loves to feel the surge of grace as he moves in basketball; he loves to hear the words of men describing their ladies; and though he is sometimes afraid of the scope of his mind he loves to feel his control of words formulating. I treasure my relationship with Billy not because he is Black, but because I am white. He had to make greater concessions to understand me than I did to love him. — Tommy Thompson

IF A MAN HASN'T FOUND SOMETHING HE WILL DIE FOR,

HE ISN'T FIT TO LIVE. — Martin Luther King

"THANK YOU FALETTINME BE MICE ELF AGIN" — Sly Stone

ROBERT KARL FRIEDRICH MANN



Bob is a bad — . In fact, Bob is the baddest — at Hawken. He steps onto the wrestling mat; he hasn't slept for three weeks and he hasn't eaten since November. He gives his 475 pound opponent a super bad — stare and it psyches out not only the bear he is about to brawl with, but also the visitor's bench, the crowd and the referee. He steps forward undaunted; what keeps him going? Courage? The disciplined mind? Guess again. The frenzied match begins and Bob applies submission holds to the eyes, neck and lower regions of his foe's helpless body. He finishes the man with his famous "submission headlock" which he learned while he was a member of a Cleveland Heights street gang that used to tangle with anything that moved.

Bob is not vengeful or spiteful contrary to the opinions of several faculty members. He may be a masochist and he may love to brawl, but hateful he ain't. And anyone who thinks he is can step outside and engage in a more basic rhetoric.

"Hey Bobbie, lets go get ripped, drink a lot of wine, get a nice woman and beat up a Prepper."

"Ya."



NICHOLAS HUGH MINCHIN

"Good-eye mighty!"; "Good-eye, cobber!" A foreign figure approached me in the hall. "Bloody kangaroo," I thought, "What the fire does cobber mean?"

"Hey Nick, how was the big R?" His face turned pink with excitement or embarrassment or perhaps excited embarrassment.

"You loved it, Minchin, didn't you?"

"Never said a thing, might, never said a thing."

Nick Minchin is the epitome of the All-American Aussie. Nick, "Jack Armstrong" Minchin, is always bright, cheerful, and ready with a smile. He is quick and charming and the girls say he has a sexy voice.

I noticed Nick without a smile one day, perhaps the first time during his stay in America, and I went up to him to find out what the problem was. "Are you homesick, Nick?" "Sort of, Mighty. I've been here three months and I haven't seen one outhouse." Realizing the pain of homesickness, I led Nick back onto the straight and narrow path, and in two shakes the well-known smile returned to his face and the color returned to his cheeks.

When Nick leaves the States he will be missed. He has left his mark on the minds of many people. Nick is an exceptional human being. Nick is my friend.

L.K.



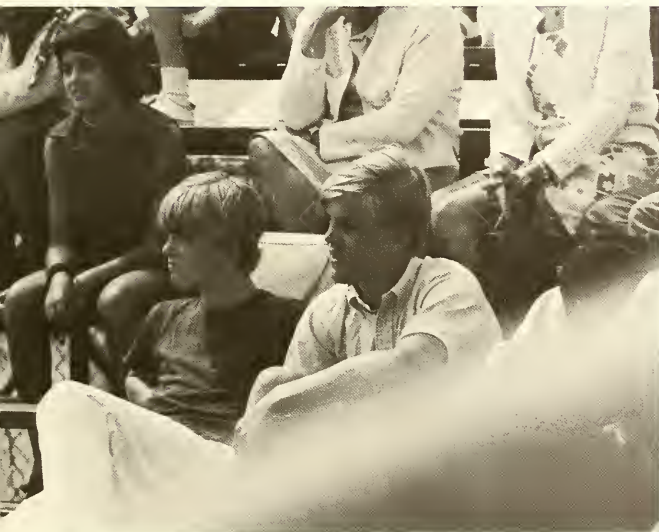


JAMES PRINCE MORSE

i'm losing status at the high school,
i used to think that it was my school.
i was the king of every school activity,
but that's the horror of what will become
of me. the other night we painted posters,
they played some records by the coasters.
a bunch of pom-pom girls thumbed down
their nose at me, they had painted tons of
posters i had painted three. i hear those
secret whispers everywhere i go, high
school spirit's at an all-time low.
i'm gonna try like mad to get my status
back todaySTATUS BACKBABYSTATUSBACKBABY ...
f.z.



FREDERICK REID MUELLER



I've never met anyone quite the same as Fred. Maybe I see the oddities of his style so clearly because I have been his friend since I met him, as a lowly frosh. At that time Fred was the one who, when he walked into a room, was pelted with chalk and erasers and then caught and blamed for the crime by Bulldog Warner. He was the one that was attacked in the halls and dragged on the floor for no reason, only to be chastised by a faculty member for it; "Mueller, get up off the floor ... you're always getting into trouble, don't you have anything better to do." Maybe Fred hasn't changed very much; it could be that the rest of us no longer take advantage of his natural style. Spontaneity has always been a part of him. One day he brought Mr. Small a half frozen duck that he had shot the day before when he had cut school to go hunting. Even this year, faculty check to make sure certain people are in school on

opening day of hunting season. Recently, in his advanced technique, Fred went skiing in Aspen, without finding out if he could find a place to stay. Certain Hawken skiers found Fred on their couches and floors for a night. This was over Christmas vacation, but he came back, to be in Cleveland, on New Years Eve. He stopped in his house and said hello to his Mother, then he called me (I wasn't home) and quickly left in search of a party. The next day I called and found that he had left for Peak and Peak for the day. Later on he called my house where he got a message to come over. "Do you mean like for the evening or for the night?" He's sleeping in any room now. Thats all part of Fred. There are countless stories that are circulating now, but I will tell you only one more. Fred was home alone; his parents and family were on a camping trip. After about a week of bachelor living my parents recieved a knock on the door ... there was Fred, holding his towel. "I don't like taking showers in an empty house. Can I take one here?" How could you say no? I was surprised to hear about it when I got home ... (Fred had gone). I wouldn't have thought that he would bring a towel with him.



BRUCE H. NICHOLSON
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
Class of 1975

This space on my senior page is dedicated
to two gentlemen,

MR. CHILTON THOMSON
and
MR. THOMAS BRYAN

each of whom, in his own way, helped to
make these four years worthwhile for me.

The best way to summarize this
experience at Hawken would be to
say that it was exciting in the begin-
ning, tough in the middle, and now I
am happy to be leaving. Ironically, I
learned as much, if not more, outside
of the classroom than inside. I anx-
iously await the promise of college;
equipped with a fine education and a
Hawken diploma.



BILL NORTH



PHILLIP O'BRYON

Activities

Football	1,2,3,4
Baseball	1,2,3
Swimming	1
Red Key	3
Alto Am	3
Glee Club	1
Phil O'Bryon	

Chorale 4 (founder and conductor)



The
Phil
O'Bryon
Chorale



TIMOTHY WILLIAM PATRICK O'DAY

If one were to select a member of this year's senior class who has displayed the diversity that a Hawken student can have, Tim would be a logical choice. At different times of the day he can be found typing the notes from a Student Council meeting, organizing a rap session at the HB dorm, taping up page four of the Aff. No, integrating by parts, leaving town with Pick to attend a conference on education, offering critical insight of player and female spectator alike at a basketball game, or doing just about anything that might improve either himself or his school.

Academically, Tim is one of the class' top scholars. Athletically, he has earned more than his share of varsity letters. Through his many accomplishments, however, he remains a casual sort of guy, conveying the good student picture without being known as a grind.

Hawken's first "Top Teen," Tim is basically just a plain, nice guy, hardly one to participate in those infamous "cut" sessions. Respected by students and faculty alike, perhaps the most unusual thing about him is his desire for excellence, for it seems he strives for (and usually achieves) it along any path he chooses to follow.

— M.W. — B.W.



ACTIVITIES

Student Council Secretary 4
Affirmative No 2,3, Sports Editor 4
Red Key Society 3, Chairman 4
Youth Council 4
Onyx 2,3
Assembly Committee 4
Glee Club 1

Phalanx? 3

Mugwumps 4
Mr. Pickering's Valet 4

ATHLETICS

Baseball 1,2,3,4
Basketball 1,2,3
Football 1,2, Varsity Manager 3



PARKER MURRAY ORR, JR.

He explained to her why it was hard to find a satisfactory job or work to do. He liked working with a power drill testing the rocky envelope of the shore, but then the employers asked him to take a great oath of loyalty.

"What!" cried Rosalind. "Do you have scruples about telling a convenient fib?"

"No I don't. But I felt uneasy about the sanity of the director asking me to swear to opinions on such complicated questions when my job was digging with a power drill. I can't work with a man who might suddenly have a wild fit."

"Why don't you get a job driving one of the big trucks along here?"

"I don't like what's in the boxes," said Horatio sadly. "It could just as well drop in the river and I'd make mistakes and drop it there."

"Is it bad stuff?"

"No, just useless. It takes the heart out of me to work at something useless and I begin to make mistakes. I don't mind putting profits in somebody else's pocket — but the job also has to be useful for something."

"Why don't you go to the woods and be a lumber jack?"

"No! They chop down the trees just to print off the NEW YORK TIMES!"





JEFFERY JOHN PETRENCHIK

Time it was,
And what a time it was,
It was . . .
A time of innocence,
A time of confidences.
Long ago . . .
It must be
Long ago,
I have a photograph.
Preserve your memories
They're all that's left you

— Paul Simon

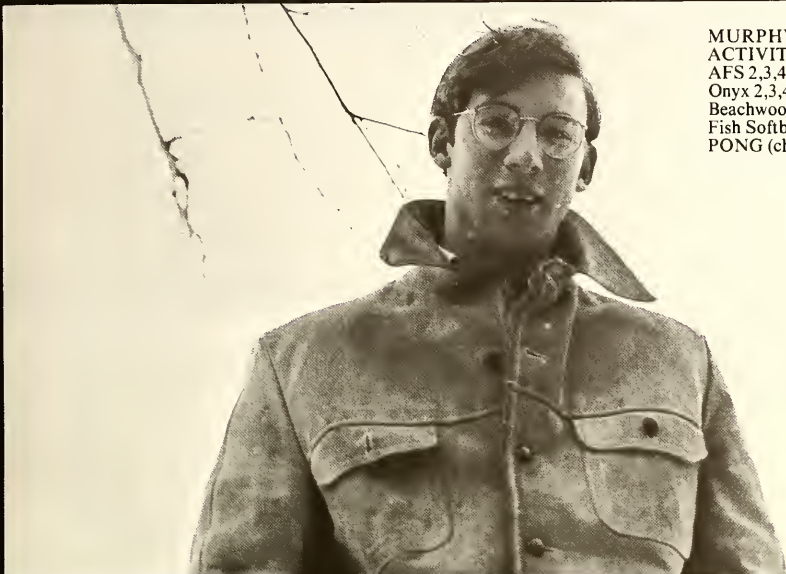
Soccer 1,2,3, co-capt. 4
Ski Team, co-capt. 4
Track 1,2,3,4
Calliope Art Ed. 4
W. S. S. C. 4

Something's wrong that restless feeling's
been preying on my mind.
Road maps in a well-cracked ceiling
the signs aren't hard to find.
Now I'm not saying that you've been mistreated
No-one's hurt you nothing's wrong.
A moment's rest was all you needed
So pack your things and kindly move along
— James Taylor

Sotto il velame degli versi strani
 (Figures in a landscape)
 En parte alguna la quietud perdida
 (Looking back, intense flight)
 Gib Antwort, aber gib sie mit Schweigen
 (Grey morning light, complexities)
 L'inflexion des voix qui se sont tuées
 (How is it we are here).

JOHN PHILLIPS





MURPHY REINSCHREIBER
 ACTIVITIES
 AFS 2,3,4
 Onyx 2,3,4
 Beachwood Fight 2
 Fish Softball 3,4
 PONG (charter member) 4

Riebinschiebineeber can only be depicted by running through an average day at the dump.

me: You're late again Surf.
 Surf: Yeah, an' here comes Rocket — I'm sca-rewed!!
 Ron: Morning Murph.
 Surf: Aren't you even going to ask where I've been? I've got a great excuse.
 Ron: Save it. I've given up.
 Surf: It's not much fun anymore.
 Bing: Where's Reid's money Murph?
 Surf: (aside) Will someone get this bopper and his records off of my back.
 Surf: Hey, Mac, wanna break for the D.Q.?
 me: Sure, but you've got spanish.
 Surf: N.W. I got bounced in 59.6 secs. — a new record.
 me: O.K. Let's blow this pop stand!!
 Surf: (in his Sunbeam mixer): You wouldn't believe what happened down at I.U. last weekend . . .
 me: Keep dreaming, Surf.
 Surf: Where's the PONG game next weekend?
 me: Who cares? You're never gonna beat da wop and me.
 Surf: You just wait until I get a good partner. The last one was a woos.
 me: (back at the dump) I gotta to go. They need a fourth upstairs.

If you didn't understand this, it's O.K. 'cause most of it's inside anyhow. Thus, the only possible conclusion; ya gotta see it to believe it. — M.H.

ERIC RHINELANDER



For me or anyone to write a review of Eric's life is absurd, but many images float through my mind. Some of them are not suitable for this and I could never mention them all. Eric Hale Rhinelander. Tall, thin, sparkling eyes, ready laughter. Stories about stabbing pink marshmallows to make them white, white lines on Canadian Thruways might eat him, cleaning house, running up mountains, Nova Scotia . . . it goes on and on.

Eric Hale Rhinelander. What? Let's go Blueberry picking. Blueberries? Are you kidding; me pick Blueberries? Yeah, it's one of those basic joys of life. Oh, wicked funny! Let's go! A few minutes later we arrive at the patch. Plunk, Plunk, Plunk. I'm supposed to fill this entire huge can full of these little teeny tiny berries? Yep, keep going it practically fills itself. Have you heard the princess jokes? Those aren't funny. Plink, Plunk, Plunk, Plink. My Union Labor Laws say I don't have to do this. I have to get double overtime, workmen's compensation, social security benefits, etc. Okay, send me a bill and please don't eat all those Blueberries. The plink plunk gradually fills the cans and we return home. Now to sort them out. All of those? Yes? FORGET IT! So we went swimming and the peons on the beach thought we were all "hippie freaks"!

J.M.

I met Eric running rampant through Ned Ford's woods three miles from nowhere, screaming MARSHMALLOWS MARSHMALLOWS. He shook my hand, over and over, up and down, down and up. He greeted us with three steaks, Lebanese bread, and marshmallows that he had hidden in the pockets of his baggy blue overalls. There was complete darkness and he tried to convince me that he could see in the dark, while everyone else lit matches. After feeding us all, he disappeared into the woods. AHHWW AHHWW is all you could hear from about two miles away. It got quiet and we carried on conversation. When out of the blue, like a streak of greased lightning, MARSHMALLOWS MARSHMALLOWS AWK and fade.

The next day he talked me out of going to summer school for a week while my parents were away. He staged a Marshmallow massacre on three girls in a swimming pool, after he coaxed five people into heaving around 3000 marshmallows at them.

At 11:00 P.M. Wednesday night we saw a commercial about a 'soft and creamy girl' in "Beyond the Planet of the Apes" so we went to see it. Eric wore a raincoat, rainhat, galoshes and sunglasses through the entire movie. When the film got bad he crawled around on the floor of the theatre. They would not give us our money back, so we went home.

At three his father called asking why he never comes home anymore. At 3:30 his father picked him up. Big Deal! Does anything bad ever happen to Rhinelander?

J.C.

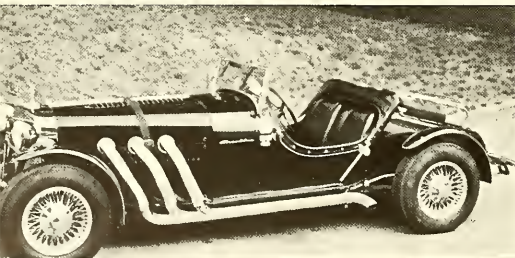


Drink no longer Water but use a little Wine for thy Stomach's sake and thine often Infirmities . . .

Saint Paul, the Apostle
1 Timothy, V.23

Eric Rhinelander is characterized by his laugh that scorns reality. His only real dilemma is finding a female with the same laugh. Together they would deny everything that should be.

Freddy





JEFFREY RIDDLE

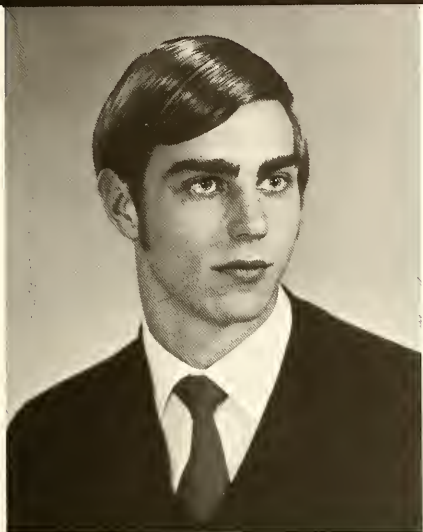
In a short time at Hawken I have had many experiences that will always live with me. However the most exciting experience that I have had is running cross country. When I first came to this school I did not plan to go out for cross country; however, when I was asked to try it for awhile I decided that I would. From then on I have enjoyed running cross country. It gave me a different sensation each time I ran. Each run was like an entrance into a new world, a world of concentration and of falshbacks into the past or even the future. Hardly is the concentration focused upon the present until that stretch run when suddenly your mind goes blank and every muscle in your body pulls and stretches until pain and exhaustion become one gust of breath that pushes you across the finish line. Such a sensation can not be experienced in any atmosphere but the one that cross country provides.

Under the crust of dirt
 You can hear the rock
 Singing to the veins of ore
 A hymn.
 Deep tunes are
 In the bowels of rock.
 Turn the knob — no, not that one —
 The one at the tip of your breast.
 Can you hear it now?
 Have your ears become silver,
 Nickel or copper? Are
 Rumbblings beginning
 To make you afraid?
 Then burrow your way to the light
 With your fingers and your tongue.



RICHARD MICHAEL SAHLEY

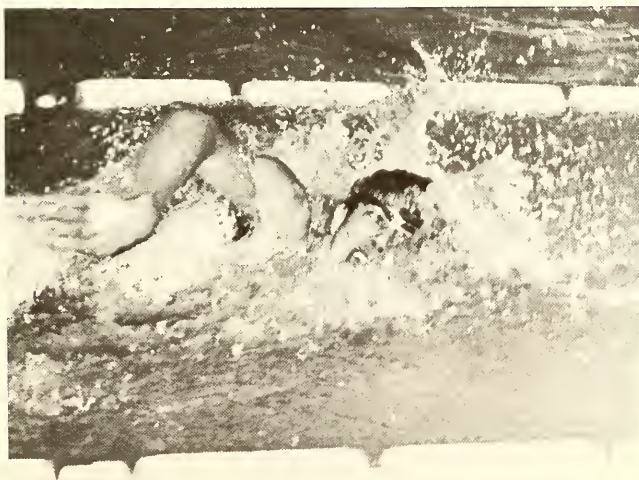
When the sun is singing, when the wind is playing whisper games, and it ain't too hot at all, look out, cause old Ricky's raisin happy hell in the heart of the woods where the road parts the stand and there ain't no brand of right or wrong. See, its alright, too, where there ain't no burgers in coats and ties and soft soled shoes walking around tellin what you ought and oughtn't, no sir, the laws are pale laughter and dusty shafts of sun-sigh where the road turns to dirt (and sometimes mud), and all that's left to say is "So what, hey?" As it happens, as it didn't happen, but might have, Rickey's ridin the road in from the Caves end, but see, it's been rainin a piece and the road is mighty muddy. Now Rickey would surely rather walk, but he ain't walkin, he's drivin and it doesn't occur to him to leave the car at Caves and walk in, cause he ain't that hot on thinkin ahead, right? I guess he figures that since the noon hour is bright and hot the road must be okay, but he's at fault there, cause it isn't. Don't matter, though, cause there ain't no particular place to be, and when it is evident that the trusty Mustang's not movin any more, Rickey is left to his own devices. So what. If you happen to be wandering out from the courts bout this time, you just may come upon a scruffy near naked nature nut sittin grinnin on the hood of his car guitar-pickin playin real pretty, and if you look a bit closer you'll see there on the roof is a gallon bottle of Crib with quite a dent in it. Don't ask no questions, cause lately he been a thorny bugger, and he's inclined to smile and let you on to where you can go. But don't you do it, cuase he don't mean no harm, and if you're easy enough and let it be, its gonna be alright, and a fine afternoon besides.



For one throb of the artery,
While on that old grey stone I sat
Under the old wind-broken tree,
I knew that One is animate,
Mankind inanimate phantasy.

CRAIG EVAN SAINT-AMOUR

ATHLETICS
Soccer — 1,2,3
Swimming — 1,2,3,4
Track — 1,2,4
Tennis — 1





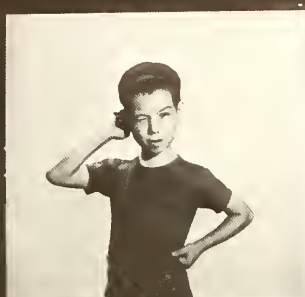
SAKS



14



55



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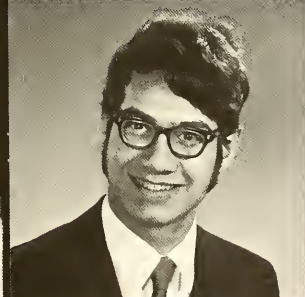
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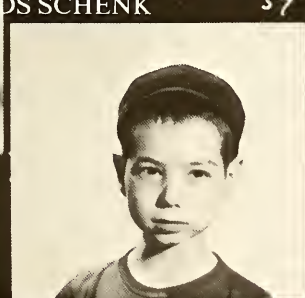
CHRISTOPHER REYNOLDS SCHENK



57



24



The sea with a hoarse whisper calls back it's children and the Piper's Flute Forever sings.

"Even at the popular level, the confusion and pain created by radio in the twenties was lavishly expressed in the blues."

— Marshall McLuhan

Well there's this kid back home name'd Shiverick, and you mention the Blues, and that's this kid Shiverick. He and his Martin go hand in hand. He likes to perform, too; 'course his jug band beats any other hollow.

Greatest teacher he ever had was Mrs. P. in first grade. Back in those days, they made every effort to separate the twins. That was sad. I've never met any Brothers who hate so well together.

"Lehich? Isn't that where they wrestle?"

Reminds me of a kid name'd Shiverick; amazing wrestler. Came back from a back operation to beat his brother, and that's a feat, so they say.

"Hey, d'you have a copy of Blum?"

"What?"

"Well, I need to find out the exact dates of the Transcendental Movement in America." In the middle of my dinner party, he wants to learn the American History he didn't learn from Schles. "Course I didn't learn it either." He used the achievement, I didn't.

I remember this woods party, off the Snake Hill Valley, Chocorua Falls; David, Paul, Big Fat Woman, Brooks, Rick, Jamie, Cocaine Blues, Peter, Jerome, Tommy, even a recorder. Amazing. Back in the Green Buick Days. Amazing car. Simply Superb. Better than the Pontiac.

And then there came David, Hunt, Paul, Tommy, Rick & Co. writing an ecology paper even I never and better than Senior Science 6's. Amazing.

And I was sitting in his room and there was An Anthology of Blues Lyrics, sitting on the table. So it goes.



C.A.



DAVID SHIVERICK



Paul isn't black, he's red, but he's as down-home as hominy grits. He plays a bad harp and runs mean old vibes up and down the walls. But try to talk to him. I mean illiterate. This guy didn't even speak English until he was fourteen, and even then all he could say was, "What are you doing?" You've just sliced off your finger with an axe, and you're a little upset. I mean there's a lot of blood and bone and swearing and tears, and Paul, too, who rolls up like a lunch box on wheels and queries the depths of your agony. "What are you doing?" Hoping you choke on a harp, Paul. Today this guy stumbles into

class like a ham on rye. It is evident that the better half is nowhere to be seen. Where's David, Paul? "I guess we forgot him" "Good, Paul."





LARRY SIEGEL



Before I get into the customary praise showering and character contrivance, note that it is true that this guy does talk like he has a dinner roll in his mouth, that he did, in fact, walk into doors at the middle school (not doorways, DOORS), that, in class, he can barely blink without offending the teacher, that he knows a great deal and is hopelessly impressed by the scope of irrelevance. He whips around the halls like a rhetorical question turned faint and funny. He is actually kind of funky in a polished manner, thus his patter is so ironic that it generally elicits no response that is appropriate, and after having words with him, one is usually a bit vague as to what has occurred by way of rationale. He would advise you not to bother with it. Though his energies are not directed to support of the temple of academia (the one which brings Mr. Pickering to a vacant stare just empty with longing), he is busy all the time with any number of inclinations, from astronomy to music (guitar, piano, violin etc.) to bad-mouthing Nixon, and he has even been known to claim, after a particularly packed weekend, that he never sleeps anyways. He enjoys the not-so-common ability to amuse himself. He is, contrary to first impression, all there, and, as far as I know him, in perpetually true form. But nobody is entirely consistent. Okay.

He does not wear a leather jacket or carry a knife (he has never attempted to comb his hair, let alone grease it). He knows forty-seven languages, but deigns to speak only a few of them, and even then, only one at a time.



DEAN SKYLAR



NATHANIEL SLOANE



I wish I had a rose.

I find myself wanting badly to express my love for the people I have grown up with. So many people share this indistinct acknowledgement of my love that it would be wasteful and foolish to even begin to name them.

I remember moments and hours and sometimes days of fantastic excitement, joy and serenity. Yes, I find tranquil moments not only in quiet places where I am alone with people I want to be with —

but I also enjoy observing my friends at their candid best. Seeing my friends excell and prosper fills my heart with prosperity. I grow slowly stronger as my feelings deepen for the people around me.

I have never found anything more comforting than to fall back on the strength of my feelings for other people. This faith, belief, dream I hold so close to my heart spurs me to continue planning for the future.

Allowing myself to conjure up a farm in my sleep is the most daring thought I am capable of. Imagine hearing your friends playing the blues on the porch. Imagine them coming and going as they please. Imagine them all sitting down to an incredibly lush table of home grown vegetables, fruit and eggs. Imagine them all retiring with their wives or lovers at 9:00 p.m. after more music and singing. I do ... often.

JOHN CLIVE THOMPSON



RODNEY DAVID VESE



LOST

Desolate and alone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbors breast
And the harbors eyes.

CARL SANDBURG



ANTHONI VISCONSI II

A spirit beyond possession
 With freedom to flow together or be alone
 Absorbing sensations of nature
 Aware of pain and confusion
 Yet moving on with unshattered strength
 N.S.



ATHLETICS

Soccer
 Baseball
 Skiing

ACTIVITIES

AFS
 Four School Committee
 Onyx
 H.B. Dorm
 Winter Sports & Spirits Committee



MARK WARREN

ACTIVITIES

Affirmative No 3, Editorial Board 4
 Players' Society 1,2,3,4
 Outsiders 2,3,4
 Glee Club 1,3
 Bookstore 2,3, Vice-President 4
 Phalanx 3
 Mugwumps 4
 Organic Chemistry 4

ATHLETICS

Cross Country 2,3,4
 Tennis 1,2,3,4
 Its Academic 3, Captain 4
 Freshman Wrestling 2

Honors 1,2,3; High Honors 4
 NMSQT Finalist
 Math Award 2,3

Not one to believe a student's role is essentially passive, Mark Warren has availed himself of Hawken's resources to the fullest. In the classroom, he is not content to sit back confused and dream of the past or the future. Rather, he is inventive (the Warren — plugging-in theorem of Advanced Mathematics), logical, vocal, often controversial and usually right. Independent in mind and spirit, he is able to cut through the abstract implications of an indefinite integral and concentrate on the numbers at hand.

But much of Mark's work has been spent outside these hallowed halls. He has appeared on every Hawken Its'

Academic team in history (both of them), produced the thespians winter production, hiked through the Smokey Mts. with the Outsiders, earned recognition in cross country, and quit the newspaper 17 times.

If one would take the time to remove the outer shell, one would find an individual with an insatiable love for Hawken, innocent starlets, wacky clothes, Organic Chemistry, sock hops at Orange, and cruising in a red Camaro after basketball games. Appropriately enough, he is one student who will leave his mark on the school.





“BERNARD BARUCH WEISKOPF”

ACTIVITIES

Affirmative No 2,3
Assistant Sports Editor 4

Red Key Society 3,4

Youth Council 3

ATHLETICS

Football 1, Manager 2
Statistician 4
Basketball 1
Wrestling 2,3,4
Baseball 1
Golf 2,3,4

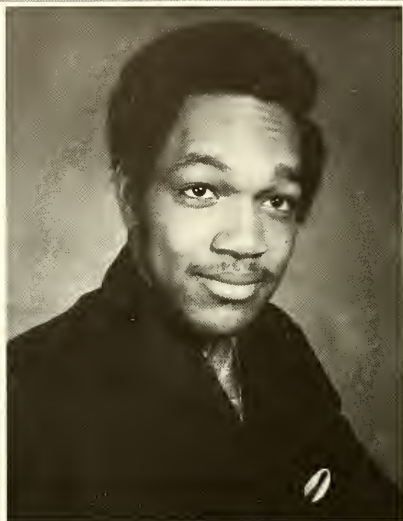
“If I could only affect one person, to make him better in some small way, then my four years at Hawken have not been spent in vain. I believe that I have more than accomplished this goal. In future years, I feel that I will be remembered, both for what I did and what I tried to do.”

If one notices a Hawken jacket at the Stadium, Arena, or any other sports palace in the country, it probably is on Bernie Weiskopf's back. With all due respect to Horsburgh, Fazio, France, Stitt and all the other sports nuts who have graced these halls, Weiskopf reigns as Hawken's number one fan. On any given weekend, one is liable to find him following his instincts, namely, the Mets, Bruins, Buckeyes or pro golf namesake Tom.

More importantly, Bugsy has brought this same dedication to Hawken. He worked long hours on the Aff No, at Hawken's summer Day Camp and as the sports correspondent for the local media. He furthered the twentieth century art of football prognostication, affording his peers the chance to “put their money where their mouths are,” and came up a winner of the PD Pool. He also introduced Strat-O-Matic Football to a Hawken clientele and served as commissioner, owner, winningest coach, most valuable player and referee in the league. Whether by participating (in golf and wrestling) or spectating (at any Hawken athletic event) Bernie embodied the finest tradition of sportsmanship and fair play during his Hawken career.

— Tim O'Day





EDWARD M. WRIGHT

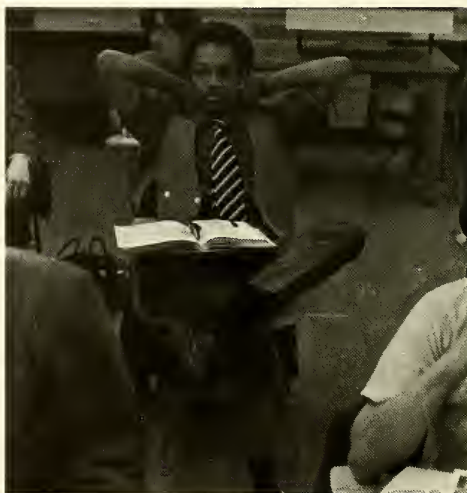
"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act your part well, there the honor lies."

wright on!

Edward Michael Wright was a young man of many personalities or should I say disguises. He had accomplished the feat of being able to change his personality, as one changes outfits, to fit the occasion. It depended largely on who he was with, what activity he was involved in, or what the interest of the other person was: In other words, he prepared "a face to meet the face." This enabled Michael to associate with many different types of people, from professional bums to intellectuals, in order to broaden his scope on life. He chose his friends differently from most people; he chose them by what they had to offer each other. A very complacent individual, he found a place among true friends who always, in one way or another, would benefit from his acquaintance.

To Michael, school simply served as a way to further his experience in life. The few sports that he did indulge in helped him pass the time — his biggest problem — besides being entertaining to him. In all respects, eh was a young man who would have always continued to grow morally and become involved in the true "living" of life.

Marla Stewart
March 3, 1971



CLASS OF 1971 SENIOR POLL



FUNNIEST

Kinsey 12
Saks 11
Young as Headmaster 3

MOST POPULAR

Sahley 16
Visconsi 6
Me 1 (Nicholson)
Me 1 (Augustus)

FAVORITE TV SHOW

Dick Dasterdy Show 10
Dating Game 10
Gilligan's Island 1 (Minchin)
Young Lawyers 1 (Bing)

FAVORITE ACTRESS

Mardee Brown 28
Geraldine 13
Suzie Skin Flick 8
Ann-Margaret 1

CHILTON THOMSON FAVORITE TEACHER AWARD

Mulroy 20
Pickering 15
Marsee 2

FAVORITE SCHOOL

Wooster School of Thought 32
Nursery 11
Beachwood 5 (10th grade)

E.R. KAST HEADMASTER AWARD

Hart 247

MARIO BOIRADI NOSE AWARD

Skylar 52
Sahley 2
Yours 1

HARRY FIGGIE JOCK AWARD

Reinschreiber 27
Visconsi 15
Emmerman 9
Jim Brown 1

BIGGEST HUFFER

Sahley 27
McCreary 20
Files 6
Class of 1971?

BIGGEST MOUTH

Hull 55

LAZIEST

Bing 18
Rhineland 14
Mr. Brewer 1

BEST MACHINE

Visconsi 24
Morse 17
Hull 8
Phase III Vette
(Skylar)

BIGGEST INTELLECTUAL

Phillips 27
Mr. Pickering 20
North 2
P. Barney ¼

BIGGEST FARMER

Shivericks 37
Hull 10
Vese 4
Mr. Greenjeans 2

FAVORITE PASTIME

Abuse 24
Pong 12 (Rhineland,
Visconsi, Humphries,
Reinschreiber, Bing,
Kinsey, Petrenchik,
Gallin, Bechtel, O'Day,
Mueller, Warren)
Solitaire 1 (Hull)

BEST DATES

June 19th 55

MARK KENNEDY BIGGEST LUSH AWARD

Rhineland 26
Petrenchik 24
Gallin 5

SENIOR ROLL CONT.

GOLDEN SHOVEL AWARD

J. Lovell 55

BRUNO TOMAINO ALL-TIME LOSER AWARD

Mueller 22
Skylar 8
Cavaliers 1 (Weiskopf)

MARIO ANDRETTI BEST DRIVER AWARD

Hart 54
No Comment (Skylar)

BOB DYLAN DOUBLE IDENTITY AWARD

Larry Siegel 19
Pete McCreary 1 (McCreary)

BIGGEST STUD

Rhineland 33
Reinschreiber 18
Randy Studd 2

BEST FLICK

Rent Collector 19
Woodstock 17
Grand Prix 1 (Skylar)

FAVORITE NIGHTSPOT

Doc Zones 14
Hullabaloo 8
Skylar's Room 4
Bed 2

CUTEST

Little Freddy 28
D. Clarke 10
Humphries 1 (Nan Kirk)

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Hart 25
Visconsi 14
Holden 367

THE RUDOLPH VALENTINO AWARD

Skylar 21 (991-0030)
McCreary 9
Benny 2
Humphries 1 (Humphries)

BEST BOD

Garner 3 (T.V., T.T., D.H.)
Randy Studd 50
Marc Byrnes 1 (Byrnes)

BEST DRESSED

Visconsi 14
Mr. Kark 11
McKay 7
Mann 1/2

MR. JUNOD MOST MISSED AWARD

Barney 20
R. Ibsch 20
McCreary 3
Australia 1 (Minchin)

MOST TALKED ABOUT GIRL

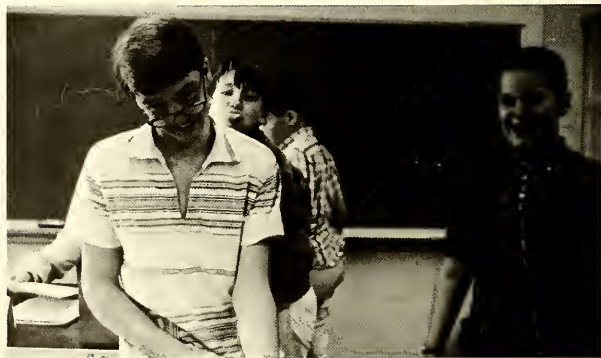
Mardee Brown 40
Garner 10
Mrs. MacMaster 1 (Sloane)

MOST LIKED GIRL

Mrs. Friedell 30
Mardee Brown -40
Any Girl 13
Mrs. Vogel 1 (Augustus)
Hollis 3
Susan 1 (Bing)

BEST BASHES

Sahley 55



REMANING MEMBERS OF HAWKEN'S ORIGINAL CLASS OF 1971



LEFT TO RIGHT: P. Orr, A. Bing, T. O'Day, Shivericks, M. Little, G. Fiordalis, E. Anderson.

FIRST GRADE

Anderson, Allan Chace
Anderson, Charles E.
Austin, Richard
Brown, King
Caputo, Kit
Charbonneau, Michael
Denemark, Alec
Evans, Dwight
Fitts, Rodney M.
Goodfriend, Harry A.
Hayes, Scott B.
Keeney, Michael C.
Lemmon, Pax
MacKenzie, John
Moss, Bruce
Perkins, Leigh
Rebel, Larry
Rogers, Edward S.
White, Frank Jr.
Williams, Scott

SECOND GRADE

Barney, Prescott
Lindan, Nicholas
Tennen, Robert

THIRD GRADE

Bissell, Edward
Jones, Thomas H.
Miller, Tyler
Murphy, William

FOURTH GRADE

Bowler, Scott
Burry, Edward
Dykema, Samuel
Ferfolia, Mark
Ford, Edward

SEVENTH GRADE

Birch, Robert
Briggs, Peter
Frederick, Alan
Heald, Seth
King, Richard
Marcus, Lee
Marshall, Stanton
Port, Eric
Pinkham, Steven

EIGHTH GRADE

Harris, Charles
Miller, Jeffrey

NINTH GRADE

Figgie, Harry
Sherm, Jay
Volk, John

TENTH GRADE

Madison, Julian
Peskin, Larry

FORMER MEMBERS OF HAWKEN'S CLASS OF 1971 grade entered

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever . . . The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose . . . The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits . . . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

— Ecclesiastes

Everett Anderson	University of Rochester	Rochester, New York
Hunt Augustus	Duke University	Durham, North Carolina
Jon Bass	Washington University	St. Louis, Missouri
Rick Bechtel	Haverford College	Haverford, Pennsylvania
Andhe Bing	University of Miami	Coral Gables, Florida
Dave Clarke	College of Wooster	Wooster, Ohio
Bob Crease	Amherst College	Amherst, Massachusetts
Pete deWolfe	Kent State University	Kent, Ohio
Warren Dusenbury	Clark University	Worcester, Massachusetts
Dan Emerman	Sarah Lawrence College	Bronxville, New York
Howard Epstein	Union College	Schenectady, New York
Zip Fiordalis	College of Wooster	Wooster, Ohio
Paul Gallin	Cornell University	Ithaca, New York
Bob Goodlow	Columbia University	New York, New York
Jon Gressel	George Washington University	Washington, D.C.
Duke Hart	Dartmouth College	Hanover, New Hampshire
Dave Hellerstein	Harvard College	Cambridge, Massachusetts
Steve Holden	University of Denver	Denver, Colorado
Jon Hull	College of Wooster	Wooster, Ohio
Mac Humphries	Hobart College	Geneva, New York
Jon Izant	Middlebury College	Middlebury, Vermont
Lance Kinsey	Vanderbilt University	Nashville, Tennessee
John Lindgren	College of Wooster	Wooster, Ohio
Mark Little	Lafayette College	Easton, Pennsylvania
Pete McCreary	No College Plans	
Billy McKay	Ohio Wesleyan University	Delaware, Ohio
Bob Mann	University of Wisconsin	Madison, Wisconsin
Nick Minchin	Undecided	
Jamie Morse	Cleveland Institute of Art	Cleveland, Ohio
Fred Mueller	No College Plans	
Bruce Nicholson	Northwestern University	Evanston, Illinois
Bill North	Ohio University	Athens, Ohio
Phil O'Bryon	American University	Washington, D.C.
Tim O'Day	Yale University	New Haven, Connecticut
Parker Orr	Middlebury College	Middlebury, Vermont
Jeff Petrenchik	Lawrence University	Appleton, Wisconsin
John Phillips	University of Pennsylvania	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Murphy Reinschreiber	Undecided	
Eric Rhinelander	Case-Western Reserve University	Cleveland, Ohio
Jeff Riddle	Hamilton College	Clinton, New York
Rick Sahley	No College Plans	
Craig Saint-Amour	Babson Institute	Babson Park, Massachusetts
Steve Saks	Northwestern University	Evanston, Illinois
Chris Schenk	Wesleyan University	Middletown, Connecticut
Dave Shiverick	Allegheny College	Meadville, Pennsylvania
Paul Shiverick	Lake Forest College	Lake Forest, Illinois
Larry Siegel	University of Chicago	Chicago, Illinois
Gean Skylar	Colgate University	Hamilton, New York
Nat Sloane	Macalester College	St. Paul, Minnesota
Tommy Thompson	Baldwin-Wallace College	Berea, Ohio
Rod Vese	University of Notre Dame	Notre Dame, Indiana
Tony Visconsi	University of Colorado	Boulder, Colorado
Mark Warren	Wesleyan University	Middletown, Connecticut
Bernie Weiskopf	University of Rochester	Rochester, New York
Mike Wright	Tufts College	Medford, Massachusetts

UNDERCLASSMEN



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Lovell, A. Hayes, R. Hermann, J. Krutiner, P. Horvitz, B. Hass, C. Holmes, P. Armington, D. Hills, M. Bustamante, M. Arsham, L. Falk. SECOND ROW: T. Harris, R. Austin, M. Corrado, E. Coleman, P. Frensdorff, J. Emerman, R. Bruml, J. Leathers, C. Hall, S. Herlands, J. Friedman. THIRD ROW: M. Chase, G. Brand, M. Kennedy, F. Clarke, S. Calhoun, R. Hallstein, D. Allman, M. Hierr, J. Chhcn, T. Calhoun, G. Files.



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: R. Eric, C. Paepke, C. Stack, D. Seldon, D. Williams, D. Stokes, J. Molnar, C. Wiener, D. Webb, C. Sawyer. SECOND ROW: E. Maras, W. Thompson, D. Miltz, M. Sands, W. Zimmerman, S. Rubin, M. Marcelletti, J. Thier, M. Trautman, J. Nulsen. THIRD ROW: S. Whitehouse, C. Miller, T. Safford, T. Shively, M. Rick, M. Rehm, R. Linkin, D. MacAyeil, G. Webster, R. Risers. Absent: T. Hall, M. Meisel, J. Morrison, H. Niven, A. Whitehouse.



JUNIORS



SOPHOMORES

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Kerk, K. Jones, J. Hellerstein, B. Lind-Hall, K. Bernin, J. Hayes, T. Collins, J. Horwitz, H. Cohn, J. Hlaugrud, J. Bruere. SECOND ROW: J. Cerasi, J. Hunter, K. Marpolis, L. Herlan's, D. Ford, M. Bernstein, K. Marcus, G. Bittle, T. Hasle, T. Goodfellow. THIRD ROW: S. Braman, G. Anikienko, F. Biehle, T. Horn, D. Morse, G. Arpis, N. Mott, R. Ferris, A. Merritt.



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: B. Reid, C. Williams, K. Stin, J. Roland, B. Sundman, A. Poutasse, M. Teckel, R. Wyse, J. Newby, P. Rickards, A. Spitt. SECOND ROW: W. Tuttle, P. Van Err, A. Robinson, A. Rayburn, A. Rule, P. Salamone, B. Strick, J. Tine, G. Smiley, G. Phillips. THIRD ROW: S. Roberts, B. Stein, D. White, R. Elice, J. Shatzman, J. Saint-Amour, J. Treco, T. Snively. Absent: J. Elder, S. Gold, L. Derpalle, E. Williams.

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: R. Shivanick, T. Orran, D. Tr. yan, C. Shor-
an, M. Wallace, L. Murray, M. Minetti,
J. Little, H. McKay, J. Miller. SECOND
ROW: D. Poutasse, D. Wang, P. Van
Osdel, D. Little, R. Kim, M. Kemmer, A.
McDonald, C. Wynne. THIRD ROW: K.
Krejer, J. Pickering, W. Jackson, C.
Weiler, R. Rankin, M. Taylor, K. Trice, D.
Skodes, J. Miller.



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: R.
Eaton, L. Bassel, D. Chong, B. Herzig, D.
Cornella, J. Coney, S. Buchler, R. Goss,
G. Hedli. SECOND ROW: D. Gold-
swait, S. LeWolfe, A. Houghton, D. Fuller,
S. Buck, K. Corrois, R. Eastwick, T.
Hovitz. THIRD ROW: M. Fumata, F.
Collister, S. Dondalides, S. Cohen, R.
Goler, H. Hnake, N. Howard, J. Burton.
Absent: J. Atwater, H. Cohen, J. Christ-
ian, R. Cressa, J. Drexler, T. Hyle, R.
Overbaugh, J. Stump, D. Watlick, T.
Williams.



FRESHMEN





LOWER SCHOOL





Mr. Davies



Mrs. Buchanan



Mr. Hallaran



Mrs. Watkins



Mr. Tenerovich

LOWER
SCHOOL
FACULTY



Mr. Nemeth



Mr. Stephens

Mrs. Dusenbury



Mr. Tupta



Mr. Coughlan



Mrs. Brown



Mr. McGraw



Mrs. Grinnell, Mrs. Kirtledge, Mrs. Critchlow, Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jackson.



Mrs. Kovel



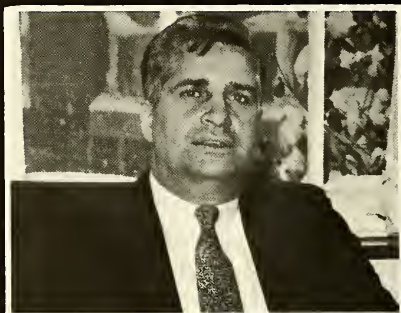
Mrs. Bogatay



Mr. MacDonald



Mr. Henry



Mr. Carey

Mrs. Spahn



Mrs. Allman



NOT PICTURED

Mrs. Althouse
Mrs. Boyle
Mrs. Kent
Mr. Lowe
Mr. Mead
Mrs. O'Rourke
Mrs. Swan
Mrs. Tucker



Mrs. Cohen



Mr. Schwartz

EIGHTH GRADE

FRONT ROW: T. Bailey, D. Burnham, D. Benjamin, T. George, J. Johnson, D. Eckert, C. Halle, J. Epstein, A. Angell, P. Kendrick, T. Baker, B. Fry. BACK ROW: D. King, K. Bernstein, B. Fomhoff, C. Ball, D. Fotland, S. Kerester, A. Hitchcock, J. Ford, J. Brill, T. Izant, C. Hochstetler, S. Horner, G. Hass, M. Hnatko.



FRONT ROW: R. Fien, D. Whitney, W. Morris, H. Sayre, W. Stephens, T. Ruple, J. Williams, B. Wood, C. White, R. Willits, B. Stakick, J. Rizer. SECOND ROW: H. Lichtig, P. Saunders, G. Rosenberg, B. Rakits, D. Whitehouse, K. Selden, B. Trumbo, J. Thorpe, F. Sachs, A. Roth, J. Stumpf, S. Roulston, J. Fee, K. Orr.

SEVENTH GRADE

FRONT ROW: D. Boyd, S. Dorsky, S. Biehle, D. Bell, M. Glass, C. Calhoun, D. Freedman, B. Bole, B. Cohen, C. Carey. BACK ROW: J. Bruml, B. Collins, B. Bray, T. Bowerfind, B. Gries, J. Bramson, J. Cornelison, E. Busch, J. Gibans, M. Freer, D. Allen.



FRONT ROW: R. Lavrich, C. Newell, S. Lindsay, R. Partington, T. Zingale, J. Powell, B. Herman, D. Weizman, F. Harris, C. Maras, J. O'Neill, R. Nash. BACK ROW: T. Hruby, J. Horvitz, M. Williams, T. Hayes, B. Smith, M. Khol, J. Roberts, A. Weiner, D. Maynard, D. Laughlin.



SIXTH GRADE

FRONT ROW: J. Conner, Y. Ralston, D. Stevenson, P. Rome, P. Meisel. SECOND ROW: K. Robinson, R. Jones, L. Hatch, D. Arter, J. Monger. TOP ROW: M. Glass, M. Coleman, P. Lavich, C. Ford, G. Treco.



FRONT ROW: D. McConnel, S. Sherman, B. Rogers, S. Kaufman, D. Visconsi. SECOND ROW: B. Brewin, F. York, R. Glayer, R. Saha. TOP ROW: R. Bower, J. Wilkin-son, H. Woodridge, B. Lantz, M. Folise.



FRONT ROW: S. Porter, D. Weld, M. Oliva, S. Beatty, D. Epstein. SECOND ROW: D. Yulish, J. Palmer, D. Murray, H. Bechwith, J. McDaniel. TOP ROW: J. Warner, B. Consolo, J. Schick, J. Smith, J. Logan, D. Eaton.

FIRST ROW: R. Brown, C. Humphrey, M. Boyer, T. McCormack, J. Elder. SECOND ROW: J. Szabo, S. Reisman, P. Artz, P. Whitehouse. THIRD ROW: T. Hope, S. Healy, A. Najarian, S. Smith, S. Young. ABSENT: D. Fee, H. Wiley.



FRONT ROW: J. Whitehouse, D. Klunder, B. Goldman, T. Camper, D. Stephens. SECOND ROW: C. Ezly, T. Farkas, R. White, A. Antline, J. P. Mull, B. Hyde. THIRD ROW: P. Fucci, M. Lux, R. Kuntz, D. Lovell, N. Distal.

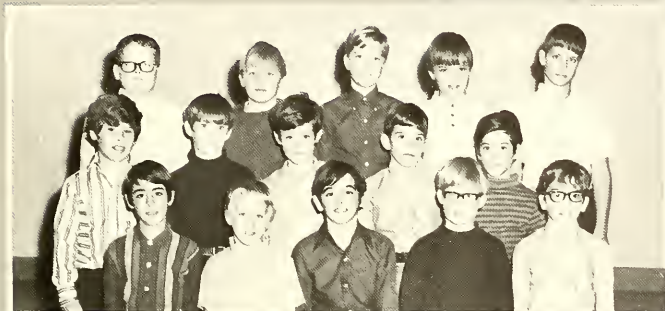


FRONT ROW: R. Kaplan, D. Horner, B. Lerner, M. Marvan, B. Hontas. SECOND ROW: J. Humel, M. Reid, R. Little, N. Goulden, P. Morris. THIRD ROW: M. Thompson, R. Ready, W. McCoy, J. Hsu, P. Carey.



FIFTH GRADE

FOURTH GRADE



FIRST ROW: T. Beatty, P. Morris, J. Gramentine, D. C. hn, J. Easterday. SECOND ROW: A. King, G. Kess, M. Huys, R. Hoge, P. Padlik. THIRD ROW: J. Hadden, F. Malinas, M. Sharpe, M. Howard, N. Johnson.

FIRST ROW: L. Ghose, J. Snively, P. Seidman, T. Campbell, S. Mintz. SECOND ROW: D. Goldberg, T. Quigley, C. Johnson, J. Posch, S. Aronoff. THIRD ROW: R. Williams, M. Everts, D. Aldrich, T. Liston, B. Powell. ABSENT: G. Coles.

FIRST ROW: D. Minnick, D. Chapman, A. Bray, D. Hawley, A. Bustamante. SECOND ROW: R. Coles, B. Luntz, T. Rosenberg, B. Schick, G. Doull. THIRD ROW: T. Hatch, S. Eells, A. Eckert, R. Vitale, S. Stone.



FRONT ROW: E. Antoine, B. Gaidis, J. McWilliams, R. Davies, E. McDowell, K. Roby. SECOND ROW: Mrs. Carr, J. Horvitz, J. Stumpf, R. Weizman, E. von-Weise, J. Collis, S. Tucker, Miss Karklio. TOP ROW: T. Brovke, A. Cohen, J. Kaplan, D. Aldrich, W. Weber, J. Epstein.



FRONT ROW: J. Barker, J. Sergeant, J. Yulish, R. Edgerton, N. Hyde, R. Desner. SECOND ROW: B. Blau, J. Chanty, D. Gries, O. Mueller, M. deWimdt. TOP ROW: Mr. Pruttsse, D. Easterday, B. Distad, E. Stay, S. Halle, D. Kaplan, J. Passow, Mrs. Hosmer. Absent: K. Coruso.

THIRD GRADE





SECOND GRADE

FRONT ROW: G. Roland, L. Murlon, K. Canty, M. Heuts, A. Kohl, C. Boyer. SECOND ROW: B. Kaveny, M. Dettelbach, S. Snively, J. Antunez, R. Krullik, R. Moore. TOP ROW: M. Hoffman, D. McCreery, G. Kirkham, R. James, D. Tucker, S. Warner, Miss C. Faulk, Absent: J. Bensley



FRONT ROW: A. Blum, R. Tarrant, T. Whitehouse, E. Cohen, M. Davies, K. Morck. SECOND ROW: Mrs. Feldman, P. Jacobson, C. Berry, B. Ullman, N. Smith, T. Esseltyon, D. Newall, Mrs. Petrie. TOP ROW: A. Swick, R. Peyer, M. Jaffe, C. W. Weiss, E. Hamilton.

FIRST

GRADE



FRONT ROW: J. Hoffman, M. Dettelbach, S. Mintz, S. McDowell, A. Gottlieb, J. Isabel. SECOND ROW: P. Blossom, D. Ludwick, M. Lindsay, P. Motta, A. Houghton, J. Marvan, D. Lovell. TOP ROW: Miss Felman, E. Hutchinson, C. Shipley, T. Cole, S. Frankel, B. Smith, J. Bing, Mrs. Palmer.



FRONT ROW: A. Suzuki, G. Maras, T. Meeks, D. Anthony, S. Gottlieb, A. Chandrasekhar. SECOND ROW: Mrs. B. Morehead, B. Thailing, M. Schultz, J. Grunswieg, P. Blum, R. Evarts, A. Najarian, Mrs. McCormac. TOP ROW: K. Urban, D. Watson, J. Reavis, R. Wang, J. Eigner.

KINDERGARTEN



FRONT ROW: M. Gillinov, P. Tucker, D. Simmons, G. Hyde, R. Markowitz, B. Wirt. SECOND ROW: Mrs. Makepeace, D. Sogg, C. Nickles, M. Berlin, J. Lis, P. Kirkham, H. Hillenmeyer, Mrs. McCullough. TOP ROW: R. Weil, R. Kaplan, D. Reavis, B. Bryan, C. Rander.



FRONT ROW: R. Green, D. Mintz, T. Oliva, S. Long, M. Young, E. Suber. SECOND ROW: Mrs. West, D. Yulish, J. Warren, R. Najarian, D. Aldrich, J. Sherwin, S. Giegerich, Mrs. Small. TOP ROW: D. Grover, B. Bukovnik, T. Britschgi, A. Bell, B. Randorf, H. Kirkham.





ACTIVITIES



The Affirmative No

Certainly the high point of the year, for the AFFIRMATIVE NO at least, came in November, on the day of the Talk-In.

That day editors Jon Bass, Jon Krottinger and Tim O'Day were told of the appointment of James Young as Headmaster, even before most of the faculty knew. Between then (November 20) and December 3 those editors put out a special two-page issue first announcing the news to the school. Columbia Scholastic Press Association called the special issue "a model," although it was produced under the tightest production schedule (one week) in the newspaper's history. The rest of the staff was still able to publish a four-page issue before Christmas vacation, tying last year's record of five issues in one trimester. Eleven issues in all were printed during the year. Due largely to senior Bruce Nicholson's business management, the paper finished several hundred dollars in the black in June.

The newspaper staff tried to get away from "standard" and routine articles this year. The November six-page issue marked the inauguration of the "Bulletin" box, which became a regular feature from then on, allowing the paper greater flexibility in the type and number of articles which could be printed. In one issue two assembly speakers who presented opposing views (Congressman John Ashbrook and Mr. James Wilkinson) were covered in side-by-side articles of equal length under one large headline. Stories contained within a picture caption were also widely used this year to vary the make-up of the pages and present the news in more interesting form. (Information about the fall Ethics class's food drive, the Youth Council's Christmas party, the site of the Upper School water tower and the debate between Congressman Ashbrook and Mr. Wilkinson at school was given this way.)

The AFFIRMATIVE NO loses the talents and experience of senior editor O'Day, assistant sports editor Bernie Weiskopf and Jon Bass, as well as that of the other seniors on the staff in '71-'72, but the editors who will manage the pages this fall were all editors last year and so take over already well-versed in school journalism. (Jon Krottinger continues as managing editor while Dan Selden takes over as news editor and Warren Zimmerman as sports editor). In addition, seasoned reporters Doug Moltz, Mark Sands, Doug Webb and Darryl Williams complete the editorial "line-up" and will help to publish, hopefully, one of the most interesting Hawken Newspapers ever.



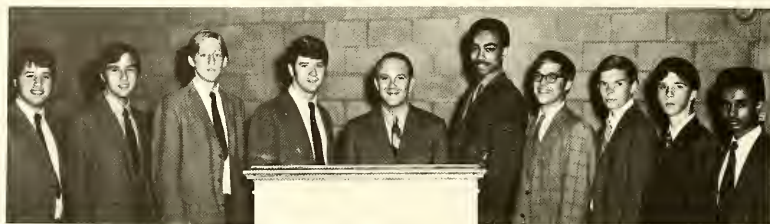
AFS



BOOKSTORE COMMITTEE

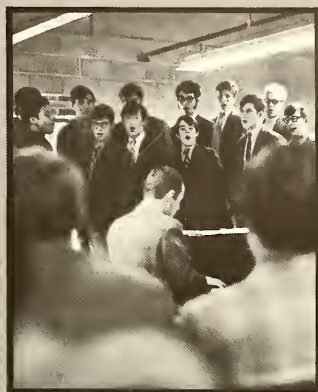


ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE





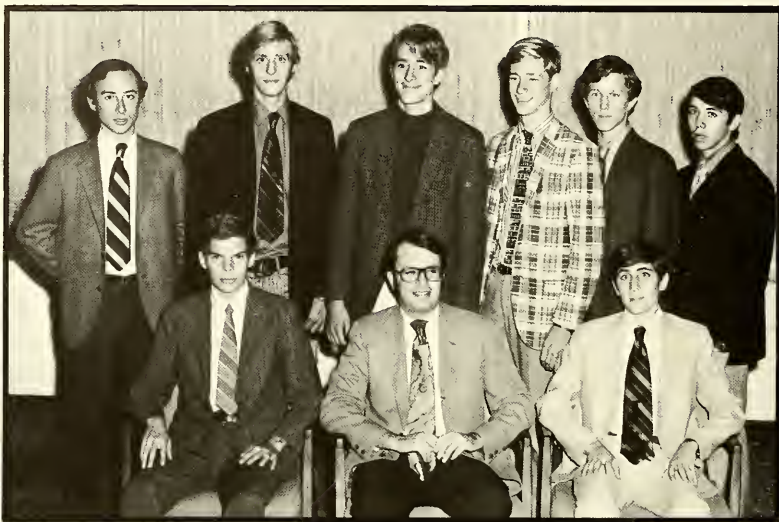
GLEE CLUB



YOUTH COUNCIL



CALLIOPE



CHESS CLUB





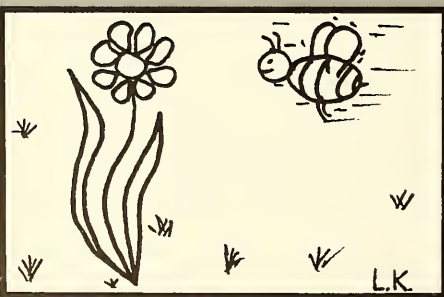
FORESTRY AND POLLUTION COMMITTEE



LIBRARY COMMITTEE



OUTSIDERS



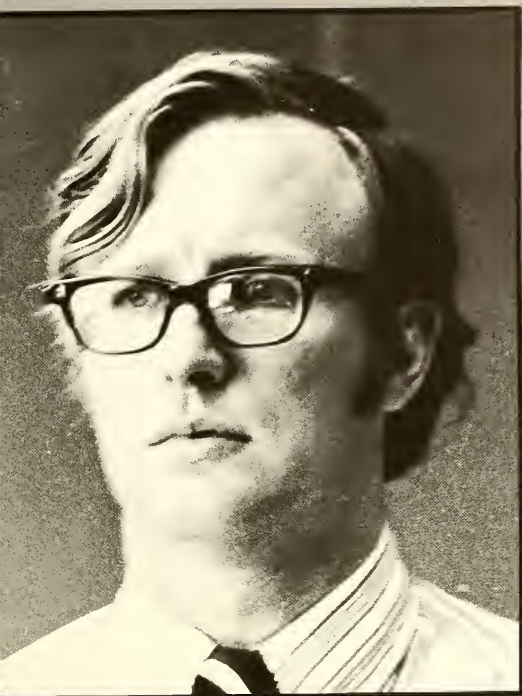




PHOTO SOCIETY



INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE





FOUR SCHOOL COMMITTEE



Opax



Editor-in-Chief
Business Manager
Ads Manager
Photography

Upper School Faculty
Seniors

Chris Schenk
Zip Fiordalis
Bob Hermann
Jon Izant, editor
Mark Little
Jim Caruso
Pete Rickards
Rick Ferris
Murphy Reinschreiber
Pete McCreary

Candids

Lower School
Activities
and Underclassman
Athletics
Junior Editor
Faculty Advisor

Andhe Bing
Tony Visconsi
Paul Gallin
Murphy Reinschreiber
Joe Slander
Rick Bechtel
Lance Kinsey

Tommy Thompson
John Nulsen
Lawrence Nelson



RED KEY SOCIETY

Although its presence went largely unnoticed, Hawken's Red Key Society survived its first full year with noteworthy successes.

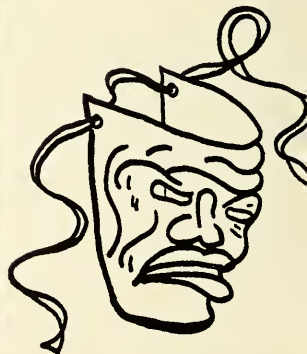
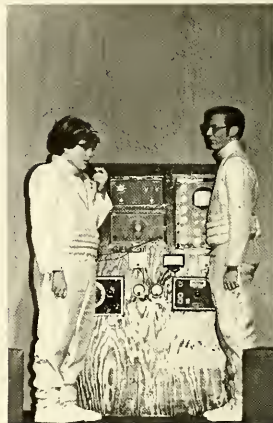
To explain, Red Key is first and foremost a service organization. At a time when aiding the "establishment" is looked on as being somewhat old-fashioned, members volunteered to spend free periods behind the reception desk or talking with visitors. At a time when some activities suffered from lack of interest, Red Key was perhaps too big, as it was impossible to determine exactly who was and who wasn't a member.

The organization's main duties, however, dealt with admissions. Freshmen and Sophomores served as hosts for next year's applicants; Juniors and Seniors traveled to area schools to spread the Hawken story via discussion and slides. In addition, student hosts turned in evaluations of their guests, reports which became an integral part of Admissions Director Robert Wheeler's files.

Red Key also took care of some of its previously unfinished business. A charter was written; Seniors Tim O'Day and Paul Gallin, and Junior Tom Hall were elected officers. All in all, it appears the organization known as "Hart's Hosts" after its creator, has found its niche at Hawken.

PLAYERS' SOCIETY

"For some of us it is performance," says the Player to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in Tom Stoppard's play, "for others, patronage. They are two sides of the same coin . . ." The 1970-71 Dramatic Season at Hawken School produced an ensemble of performers, a troupe of ACTORS, "the opposite of people." The year began with the production of Arch Obler's NIGHT OF THE AUK, under the direction of Margo Cohn. A tragedy, Obler's difficult piece deals with the questions of man's fate in a supersonic and highly competitive world. The Winter production presented a lighter and more hopeful vision, as Ustinov's fantasy-comedy, ROMANOFF AND JULIET, under the direction of senior Daniel Emerman, pitted love against national rivalry. The Spring production, one of the most lavish ever seen on Hawken's non-stage, designed and directed by Mr. Schlesinger, rounded out the season with Moliere's difficult comedy TARTUFFE. The smash of the season, it dealt with religious hypocrisy and a comically pathetic bourgeois who, in his zeal to control his family and impose his own will on the lives of others, manages to be duped and controlled, cuckolded and robbed. The Players' Society achieved professionalism in all three productions, and the season as a whole was diverse, entertaining, meaningful and theatrically exciting.





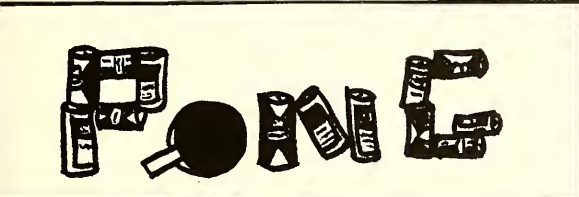
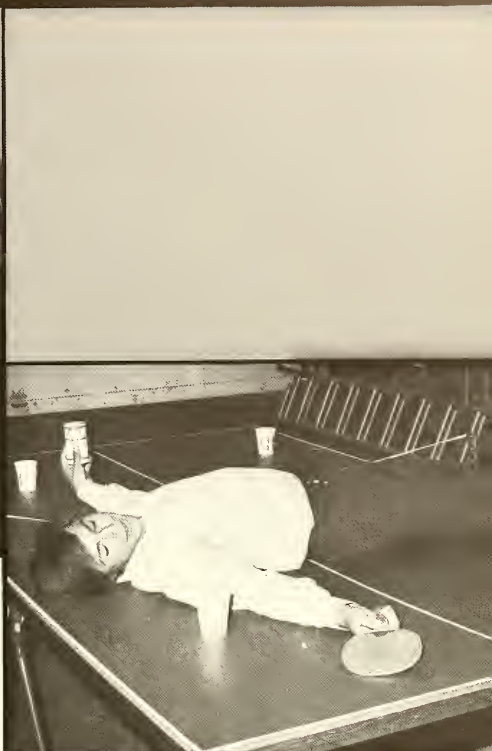
STUDENT COUNCIL

The contributions of this year's Student Council cannot be evaluated in terms of a concrete and indisputable record of accomplishments. Rather, the Council's true value can be best measured by the student body's increased interest in the school. Meetings were stimulating and thought provoking and discussion mushroomed into a highly successful Talk-In and a series of meetings with the school's trustees.

With due respect to the energetic efforts of the underclassmen, this year's Council was led by six erudite and controversial seniors. The president, Rick Sahley, was Hawken's Pied Piper. Pleading for individual freedom of choice, Sahley led the fight to turn Hawken into a "Nirvana" based on love and mutual respect. While no one could disagree with his goals, his methods were widely debated. Vice-President Duke Hart, on the other hand, specialized in the more mundane concerns of the Council. He devoted much of his time meeting with members of the over-30 establishment (trustees, architects, landscapers, headmasters, etc.) and was instrumental in the newly planted trees along the roads. Secretary Tim O'Day and Dave Hellerstein spoke of the Talk-In. In addition, O'day added a journalistic flair to the weekly minutes and Hellerstein co-authored the Dress Code proposal with fellow Senior Parker Orr. Treasurer Peter McCreary kept the books steady, largely because Mr. Steven Kark, Faculty Advisor, had not co-signed his checks.

Council spent much time discussing proposals which would have abolished bells, summer reading, mandatory freshman athletics, attendance rules, and the Dress Code. Although more have survived the vigorous tests of the Cramer committee and the faculty, one must not underestimate their effects. Time and time again, the classic debate of idealism vs. realism came to the floor. While those who proposed broad change were defeated, their enthusiasm and magnetism will likely have far-reaching effects on the direction of Hawken.







ATHLETICS



CROSS COUNTRY

Cross Country has been termed an "individual" sport, yet the Hawken 1970 Cross Country "squad" was truly a "team." Despite the much publicized loneliness of the distance runner, a closeness between the runners existed, achieved through common sweat, through common blisters. Alone, but sharers of a common struggle, all had to fight the furiously hot sun of August and the equally cold mail of November. All had to ask themselves why? All had to strip themselves down to the unprotected guts, to the fear and the confidence, from which a runner is born.

To what extent a runner commits himself to this self-exposure determines not only his team value, but also his self-worth. Yet few can consistently stand up to the pain and agony resulting from the nakedness of running — real pain, in the legs, in the pit of the stomach. And though the team as a whole lacked this ingredient of inconsistency, one individual exemplified its importance. He is Jeff Riddle, unanimously voted honorary captain at the season's close, Hawken frontrunner in every race of the season. "What he had to do he did."

"Rids" and Nick Minchin will be the only graduating seniors from the top seven, but there ends the similarity. Where Jeff was consistent, Nick invariably was not, though he always finished high, sometimes with the aid of a big finishing kick. Nick did not like the cold weather.

Tim Calhoun, Steve Whitehouse, and Mark Rorick supplied the rest of the points. Calhoun, though faltering at the season's end, had a fine season as Hawken's number two runner, relying on a strong mental attitude to offset his extremely unorthodox, raw running form. Whitehouse, tagged a laggard from summer practice on, surprised everyone with his



HAWKEN	24
EAST TECH	34
HAWKEN	24
CATH. LATIN	34
HAWKEN	18
SHAW	43
HAWKEN	32
SHADYSIDE	25
HAWKEN	41
KIRTLAND	20
HAWKEN	28
BERKSHIRE	29
HAWKEN	35
PAINS. HARVEY	20

hard work and strong finishes in late October and early November, highlighted by his Hawken Invitational run. Rorick, lacking blazing speed, relied on strength and stamina to offset his weakness. However, a confirmed hypochondriac Mark began to doubt his health. To instill confidence in himself he appointed himself co-captain.

The other self-ordained co-captain, Bill Thompson, and Andy Poutasse shared the sixth and seventh spots for most of the season. However, Steve Braman and Todd Harris occasionally broke into these slots. In fact, it was the sophomore combination of Poutasse and Braman that upset John Hay.

Though rarely dictating the outcome of a meet, Marc Rehm, Steve Calhoun, Paul Fonoroff, Blair Haas, Mark Warren, George Ankenko, Dan Selden, and Rob Goler were very much a part of the team. They practiced day after day knowing that they would receive only recognition from themselves, their teammates, and their coach.

And what can one say about the coach, Mr. Warner? During the season we said he was a "merciless bastard," an "obsessed fanatic" intent upon the sight of our guts exploding. But now, with the pain gone, we can say he is a really good coach and person.

Yeah, in fact, it was a really good season (though we lost to U.S.) with really good people. And despite all this goodness we had a lot of fun. And that's more important than any "existential commitment."

Oh, by the way, we had a 13 and 7 record to go along with two invitational victories.



HAWKEN	18
BEACHWOOD	43
HAWKEN	20
GILMOUR	41
HAWKEN	31
UNIV. SCHOOL	25
HAWKEN	24
LUTH. EAST	33
HAWKEN	22
COLUMBUS	35
HAWKEN	42
SHAKER HTS.	16
HAWKEN	29
CHARDON	26



HAWKEN	19	HAWKEN	20
BENEDICTINE	41	GILMOUR	40
HAWKEN	27	HAWKEN	19
JOHN HAY	30	LUTH. WEST	42
	HAWKEN 33		
	HUDSON 22		

HAWKEN 1st PLACE
 CUYAHOGA HEIGHTS
 INVITATIONAL
 (FOUR TEAMS)
 HAWKEN 8th PLACE
 GILMOUR
 INVITATIONAL
 (SIXTEEN TEAMS)
 HAWKEN 1st PLACE
 HAWKEN
 INVITATIONAL
 (FIVE TEAMS)



FOOTBALL

In this world where winners are carried through streets amid ticker tape and champagne, and frenzied cheers of "We're number one!" fill the fall air, and losers are chastised for falling "in the great game of life," there exist certain individuals who have fallen asunder of the great god of victory. We, the football team, have sinned and must pay the price of being outcasts.

Never mind the enjoyment we have felt and the knowledge that, because we were not pressured by tyrants hysterically screaming chants of war and "there is nothing except winning," we have played the game of football without forfeiting every sane sense we possess. Through the sensitivity of Mr. Riser, Mr. Timoteo and Mr. Martin we were allowed to know each other under other circumstances than the football environment. There was no false spirit inspired by pugnacity and beligerence. No one felt hostile and no one took the position of the bully. We did our best and that is all. There were as



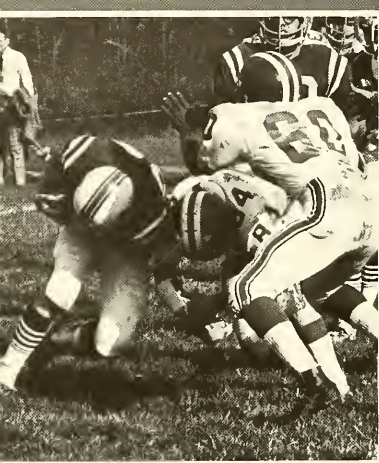
many moments of satisfaction, both individual and team, as those of disappointment.

Some must judge a team by the number of victories alone. Winning is nice but it should come with the same values and goals, set by the individuals involved, without the compromise so often found in "the successful man."

For once, the values were truly those that can be the highest held in life: the efforts taken by the coaches to allow nearly every member of the team to earn his letter by playing as much as the requisite demanded; the election of two truly sincere, sensitive people, Tom Hall and Rick Sahley, as opposed to the brash, out-spoken, commonplace leaders usually associated with football teams; the fact that through the careful planning and conditioning of Mr. Riser, only Chuck Hall and Chuck Stack received any serious injury at all. These are the things that will be remembered and admired. Scoreboard figures are quickly dimmed by deeper memories.

If one has to have individual greatness as proof of success, one can point to Mark Marceletti's passing. He began his career this year better than any Hawken quarterback has ended it in recent years (apologies to Mr. Martin).

The running of Lou Leathers, Jerry Tone, Mark Terkel and Tom Hall came to a peak when they amassed 385 yards and 27 first downs as the team let down to the Maumee Valley 28-28. The blocking of Zip Fiordalis, Chuck Hall, Paul Salamone, Chris Schenk and Graham Webster bares mentioning if for this effort alone. The defensive team always played to



its utmost capability, and did not give up despite the frustration of defeat, best exemplified by the University School game where, except for two early touchdowns, the Hawks yielded only a field goal and a fourth quarter touchdown against the "loaded" U.S. team. Sahley, Ghainous Smiley, Larry Folk, Fred Biehle, Todd Horn, Phil O'Bryon, Lennie Perroti, Greg Bat-



tle and Rod Vese stuck together without yielding to the frustrations and the desire to win. One can look to the Western Reserve game where a fourth quarter touchdown pass beat the Hawks 6-0 after a tremendous defensive effort by Battle, Perroti and Sahley repeatedly dropping the Reserve quarterback. One can look to the lone victory, or will eyes be drawn to it anyway? Hawken won 38-14 against Columbus Academy as Lou Leathers gained an even 200 yards through the holes made by tackles Fiordalis and Schenk.

Versatility was also an important attribute of the team lead by its chief advocate, Bob Riser. He tried quarterback; he tried defensive back; he tried linebacker; he tried defensive end; he did the punting; and just when he

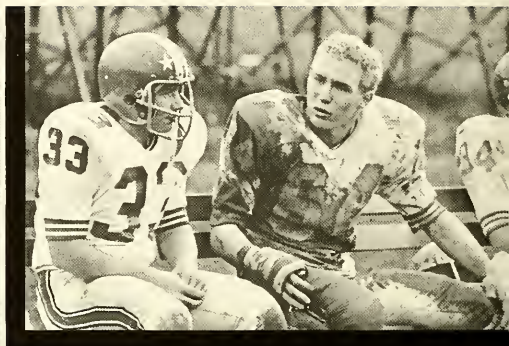




though he heard the coach say, "about that left guard position . . ." he decided he'd like to play offensive end and maybe that's why he played so well the last few games.

Deriving meaning and enjoying something at the same time is a unique experience. Finding both in football was a surprise, yet the credit goes, not only to the players who were receptive to the management given them, but to Mr. Riser, Mr. Timoteo and Mr. Martin, who made things that way.





THANKS: Fred, Paul, B. Lance.



SOCCER



Soccer is a good game. It requires coordination and quick reactions. It is a game of fast control. It is spontaneous and hence demanding of the mind; and it takes guts. It is a hard, fast, thinking game.

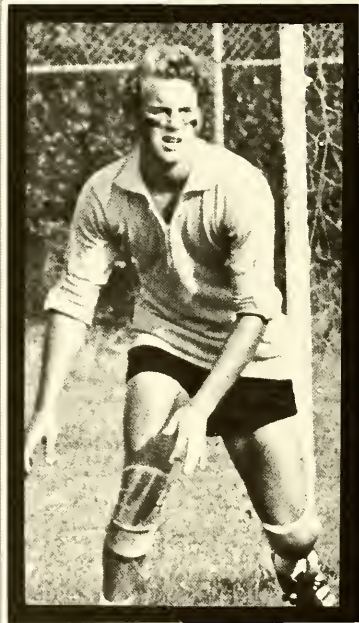
It is also a personal sport. Coach Simpson called the game "the accumulation of many one on one confrontations." In these confrontations the responsibility is transferred entirely to the two opponents. "If one man loses the ball, the whole team loses the ball." But the beauty of the sport lies in the fact that there is something beyond this direct competition. There is a team and it is the team's victory, so that when you're working for yourself, you're working for the team. Soccer, instead of asking for the individual's subordination, asks rather for his cooperation in accomplishing a common goal. This is beautiful in that it satisfies the ego through the direct competition but it also humbles the ego. Each player needs the other players to succeed by himself.

The game grows one level higher when the one on one confrontations involve a pass to a third party. Somehow there is a great satisfaction in out-playing your opponent through cooperation. This breeds not merely success but unity and modest pride. I would say that "modest pride" characterized this year's squad.

The team by no means started with such a pride. We had no depth, little experience, and little team work. The experienced four—Tony Visconsi, Paul Gallin, Eric Rhineland, and Jeff Petrenchik—carried the squad in the beginning. They seemed to be the team's only hope and much of the team was content to let those four play the games. Early in the season, though, Paul was injured—to be out for weeks—as were Eric and Tony. So the team was left naked. This accounted for many of our close losses or ties. The team smoldered for a while—but then we beat Brush and tied Hudson.* In both games we had displayed a cooperation or teammanship which we had previously lacked. As the team regained its lost "stars," confidence began to grow.

We realized that we could be good as a team not a group of seven leeches and four players. As a result, we won the Mramee Tournament and beat a Sewickley team individually far superior to us.

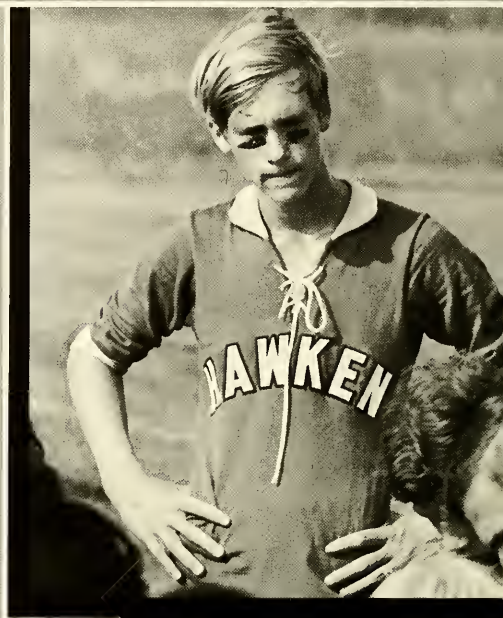
The season showed development of what I call "modest pride." The team improved tremendously in personal skills; the appreciation for the sport was undoubtedly heightened—and the players realized that they had won because they were a team. Each individual could be proud of his personal efforts and growth and could become conscious of the team's combined growth. We could be proud of ourselves both as individuals and as a group of individuals.



*Hudson has lost only one game in the last two years. Sewickley had a 12-1-2 season.









SWIMMING



As in any team, the swim team was composed of many individuals. The squad was led by Senior co-captain Murphy Reinschreiber, Sophomore Tim Hable, and Freshman Jim Atwater who between them held down six of the area's top times and whose times qualified them for selection on the All American Team. In addition there were Senior co-captain Paul Gallin, Craig and John Saint-Amour, Jim Molnar and Bruce Rankin. These boys were thought of as the team's depth and were the real reason for the undefeated season. They were the team's second superstars. The Saint-Amour brothers were ranked third in the area in their respective events. Last, but most important, are those boys who by hard work and relative time drops unexpectedly developed into outstanding members of the team. This year this distinction goes to three boys: Tim Goodfellow, Bob Lind-

The 1970-71 Hawken swimming team was one of the most successful teams in the school's history. Rebounding from a 2-11 finish two seasons ago, the team compiled a 12-0 dual meet record, swept the Independent School Swim League Relays and Championship meets, and finished in sixth place at the Eastern Interscholastic Championships at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. In just two seasons the team developed into the Cleveland area's number one team as well as one of the top teams in the state. The most important reason for this sudden turn about in the Hawken swim program was the addition of Jerry Holtrey as coach in 1969. In his first season the team compiled its first winning season ever, finishing second in the ISSL with an 8-5 record. His demanding workout schedule developed many of the area's top swimmers from boys who had been considered strictly "rinky-dink" in 1968.

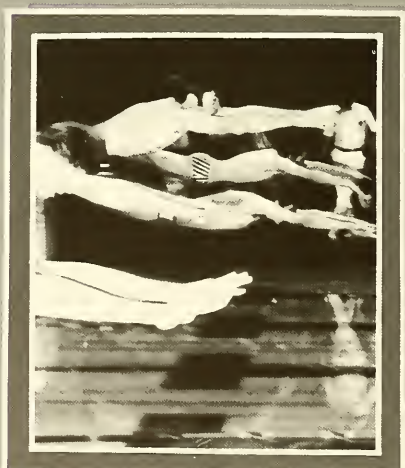
The highlights of this year's season were the teams three victories over University School (as well as Shadyside, Kiski, Gil-mour, and WRA) in ISSL competition. This marked the first time that US had been defeated in league competition since its conception in 1964. The dual meet victory was most satisfying as the Hawken team discounted all predictions of a close meet in devastating the Preppers by a 58-37 score and setting six school records before the first "standing room only" crowd ever to witness a meet at the Lower School. The team gained confidence and momentum from this victory and was not stopped until it met its goal of an undefeated season.



blad, and Dave Clarke. Goodfellow came to Hawken this year following a year of JV swimming for Cleveland Heights. He finished the season with a 4:05 400 freestyle effort which placed him among the best in the city. Clarke and Lindblad significantly dropped their times to add four badly needed points at the Championship meet, as well as swimming in clutch positions all season for the team.

Looking ahead to next year, large holes in the line-up will be created by the graduation of Seniors Gallin, C. Saint-Amour, Clarke, Reinschreiber, and Steve Holden. There was only one Junior letterman, Jim Molnar, and if next year's team is anything like this year's squad, in respect to dedication and spirit, 1971 will be remembered as only the beginning of a swimming dynasty at Hawken School.







SCHOOL RECORDS

200 Medley Relay 1:45.5

(Atwater, J. Saint-Amour, Rankin, C. Saint-Amour)

200 Freestyle 1:50.2

Tim Hable

200 Individual Medley 2:01.9

Murphy Reinschreiber

50 Freestyle 23.0

C. Saint-Amour

Diving 63.05

Brad Stirn — 1968

100 Butterfly 54.0

Murphy Reinschreiber

100 Freestyle 49.6

Tim Hable

400 Freestyle 3:53.5

Tim Hable

100 Backstroke 55.2

Jim Atwater

100 Breaststroke 1:05.0

John Saint-Amour

400 Freestyle Relay

(C. Saint-Amour, Atwater, Hable, Reinschreiber)





WRESTLING

This year's wrestling team had its ups and downs but all things considered we had an excellent season. We were a young team with as many as five sophomores and four freshmen seeing varsity action. Nevertheless our season was marked by several individual and team accomplishments.

Foremost was winning the Hawken Tournament. After being annihilated the year before by the Kent State University School team, Hawken, through an outstanding team effort, won the eight team tournament, edging out Kent State 91-85 and capturing three firsts, four seconds, a third, and a fourth in the process. To put icing on the cake, junior Tom Hall was named the outstanding wrestler of the tournament. Only slightly less impressive was our second-place finish in the WRA Quad. We took four firsts, and a second to surpass WRA and Hudson and finish second to wrestling powerhouse Medina Highland. Our finish at the National Prep School Tournament is equally impressive as we finished sixth out of over thirty teams and captured a first, a second, and a fourth in the tourney.

Individually we had six wrestlers with outstanding seasons. Senior Captain John Lindgren (112) finished with a 14-4-2 record, having taken second at the Hawken Tournament, WRA Quad and Lehigh. His only loss in dual competition came at the hands of top-ranked Tom Fink. Senior Paul Shiverick (145) finished 17-6 taking first in the Hawken Tournament, fourth at Lehigh and most, important, second at the Brecksville Tournament, which is considered to be second only to the State Tournament in degree of difficulty. His twin brother, David, (155) finished 13-5-1 taking a first at

WRA and a second at the Hawken Tournament. Junior Tom Hall (130) finished with the first totally undefeated season in Hawken's history, 21-0. He finished first at the Hawken Tournament, first at WRA, and was the first Hawk to become champion at Lehigh. He and his brother Chuck will be next year's co-captains. Junior Chuck Hall (167) finished with a record of 18-2-1, his only loss coming to state champ Brian Derov. He took first at both the Hawken Tournament and at WRA. Sophomore Russ Risor (173) finished 12-4 taking first at WRA and second at the Hawken Tournament. Next year both Halls and Risor could easily go undefeated. Backing these stars up were sophomores Ken Berman (111) and Ipper Collins (126) with 9-8 and 5-9 records respectively. Both should play outstanding roles on next year's team. Guy Arnos 5-6 who shared 185 duties with senior, Chris Schenk improved a great deal during the year and should be one of the team's mainstays next year. Senior Bob Crease (105) was the hard luck guy on this year's team, losing many close decisions and facing three of the area's top wrestlers — Knecht, of Westlake, Brdar of Orange, and Evangelista of Painesville Harvey. Nevertheless, he managed to finish the season with a 7-8 record. Junior Elliot Maras and seniors Rick Sahley and Chris Schenk filled in admirably during the season, Sahley edging out Press Star Joe Webster 8-7 in the final meet of the season. Underclassmen, Nino Motta, Dom Comella and



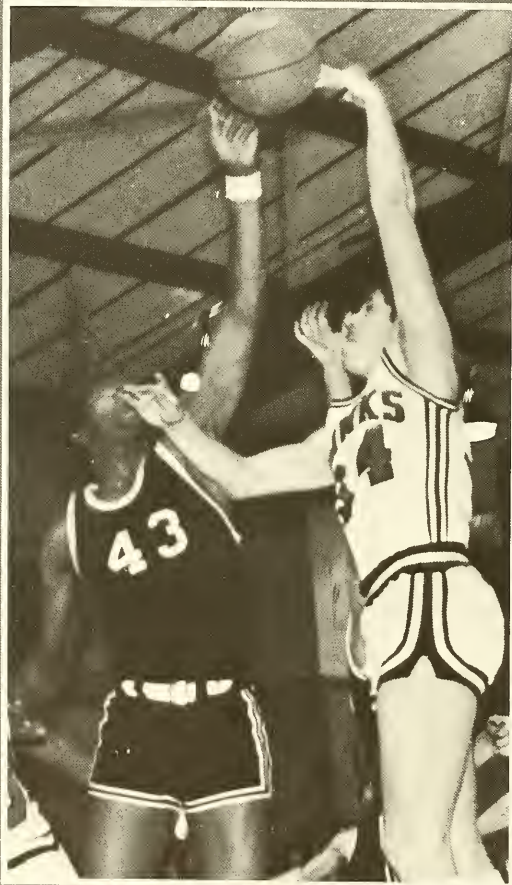


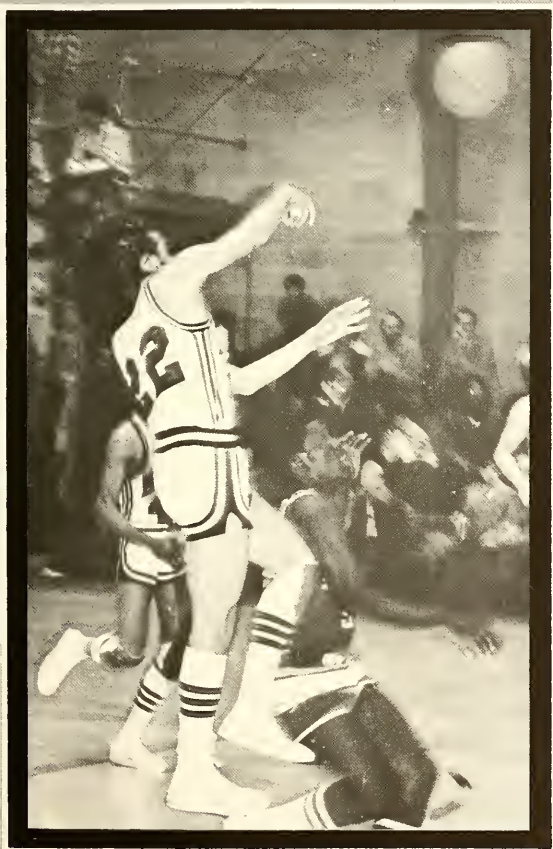
Reg Shiverick all wrestled some varsity matches and their experience will aid them next year. This year's team was hurt by the loss of senior Bernie Weiskopf who was injured in a car accident mid-way through the season. JV Wrestlers who will help on next year's varsity are: Mike Bernstein, Ted Parran, Richard Crease, Steve Dandilides, David Skeggs, Jim Startzman, Rob Goler, Bill Reid and Jim Miller. The big disappointment of our season was our loss to U.S. With a combination of unfortunate refereeing, outstanding efforts on the part of our opposition and just plain bad luck, we again fell to the maroon and black. But, next year, Preppers, watch out.

I wish to conclude this article by expressing my sincere thanks to Coach Robert Tomateo who saw us first as human beings and second as wrestlers. He had the respect of the entire team, and without him our season probably would have been a fiasco.

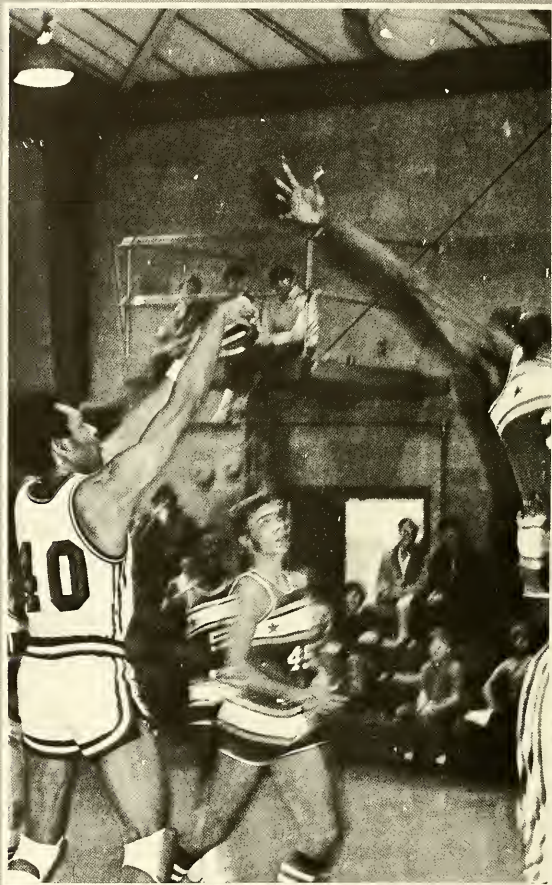








The basketball team played as well as they could in every game but two. They lost those two to Chardon and Orange. In the rest of the season, they played their best and won some good games. They beat W.R.A. by four points in one of the two best games of the season and they beat Maumee by one in the other. Each game was tight, each was really down-to-the-buzzer, and each was come-from-behind.



SKIING



For the past few years, skiing has been mostly nonexistent at Hawken. Then on a sunny day last Saturday, competitive skiers drove up in a little red VW. Ex-Olympian Ski Coach, ex-McCord stocker and present Spanish teacher, Nathaniel Canino, came to Hawken. With his inspiration and coaching skills, along with the Aspent's, Jeff Perrenchik, Mac Humphries, Tony Vicensse, and Dean Sklar, the nucleus of the formidable team was established. With help from juniors Pete Armistead, and Chad Holmes, sophomore Dave Ford and any one else who happened to show up, the team took seven trophies in regional competition. Perrenchik was the only one to advance in this competition to Class B from the starting point at Class C; but Vicensse and Humphries were in the perfect of doing so at the end of the season. We had several mishaps that can be expected from skiing. One time Aspent's fell and had to be carried away by the Ski Patrol, and another time Perrenchik got a blood eye when he came to check a slalom pole. The team also compiled an undefeated dual meet record with an overwhelming victory over St. Edward's.

Unfortunately, the snow melted and so did the team. And, since this is Cleveland, there is no guarantee that the snow will come back. Why couldn't Hawken be in Colorado?

MR. MARSH

Saying anything about Mr. Marsh except that he is a friend to us all, is to do him an injustice.



EL MANNO



TENNIS

The young tennis team had a rough season. They did not improve enough from last year so their record was about the same as they played the same tough competition. Senior Dean Skylar, who finished the last half of the season playing first singles, found the competition tough there. Junior Scott Herlands had the best record on the team, 10-3, playing third singles mostly. His ledger includes ten straight wins. Sophomore Andy Rayburn played disappointing tennis at second singles and did not equal last year's performance.



The capturing of the Hawken Invitational Tennis Tournament championship was the major accomplishment of the team. Two of the three singles players won individual trophies by beating foes from Gilmour, Chagrin Falls, and Kenston. Skylar won two of his matches while losing one. The sophomore second doubles team of Jim Treco and Steve Braman won the same amount and senior Rick Bechtel and junior, John Thorp, won one and lost two at second doubles. First-year coach Robert Small rotated the second doubles team members throughout the season, looking for a winning combination from Bechtel, Thorp, Treco, Braman, and Junior, Cliff Paepke.

The season's most satisfying wins came over Orange, Gilmour, and Chagrin Falls. They were all 3-2 victories. Skylar provided the spark against Orange as he beat a tough second singles opponent and both the doubles teams were victorious. The three singles players won over the Lancers with Skylar and Herlands winning long, hard matches after Rayburn won easily. Skylar lost a heartbreaker to Chagrin's number one man, but Rayburn, Herlands, and the first doubles team of Thorp and Bechtel made up the deficit.

Next year's team looks promising. Only two seniors will leave and the freshman team of this year was excellent. Improvement is vitally necessary and definitely expected.

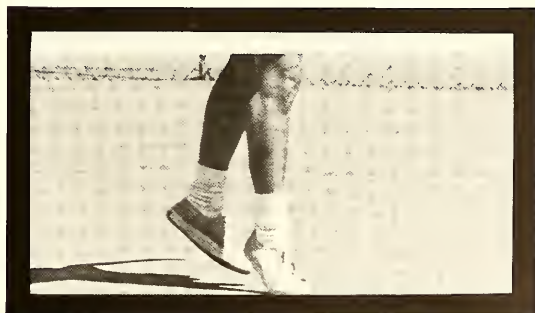
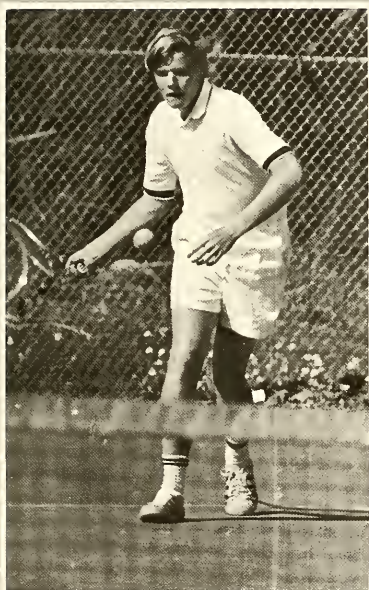


SCORES

HAWKEN		OPPONENT	HAWKEN	
3-2	ORANGE	UNIVERSITY	0-5	
0-5	CLEVE. HTS.	W.R.A.	1-4	
1-4	SHAKER	EUCLID	0-5	
3-2	GILMOUR	BRUSH	1-3	
2-3	BEACHWOOD	CHAGRIN FALLS	3-2	
1-4	W.R.A.			

HAWKEN INVITATIONAL:

HAWKEN 11
CHAGRIN FALLS 10
GILMOUR 9
KENSTON 3





TRACK

The 1971 Track season saw once more a team high in morale and relatively low in experience. Talent was certainly evident, however — Jon Izant in the Discus, Jeff Petrenchik in the Long Jump, Paul Gallin in the 2 mile, Dave Clarke in the 880 and Nick Minchin in the 440. All provided valuable leadership and advice to the underclassmen and were central to the close-knit morale of the whole squad.

Track as a sport involves not only striving to win, but striving to beat the clock for personal improvement. With an incentive system introduced by Coach Riser, every boy on the squad improved in his event. No less than 6 records were broken as a result, and again Seniors predominated — John Izant in the Discus, Paul Gallin in the two mile, Nick Minchin in the 440 and 880, junior Bob Riser in the low hurdles, and the mile relay team of Petrenchik, Maras, Clarke and Minchin, which broke the record by six and a half seconds.

With three excellent coaches — Messrs. Riser, Warner and Turpta the team had a successful and enjoyable season. Going into the final meet against U.S. it was 4-1. Although the squad was aware that U.S. was on paper stronger, they were determined to show the Preppers what they could do.



Fighting very poor running conditions, the final score came out in U.S.'s favor 79 to 48, with Hawken wins in the Long Jump, Mile, Two mile, 440 and Mile Relay, the latter two being events in which Hawken has been undefeated in dual meet competition this season.

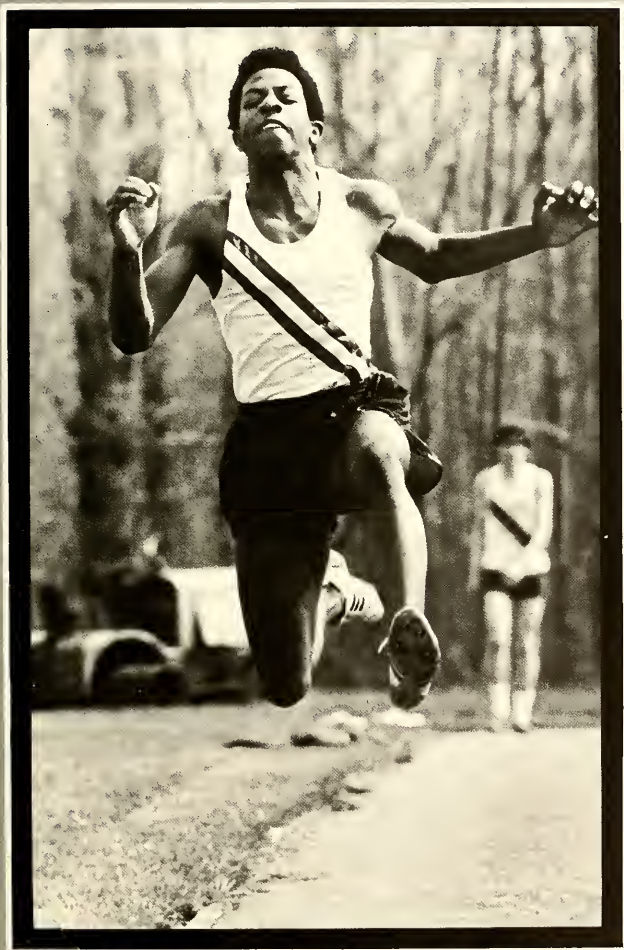
The final meet on the home track was the Hawken Spring Sports Festival against Gilmour, Beachwood, and Cleveland Central Catholic.



Conditions were ideal, and two Hawken records were broken in the course of the afternoon — Bob Riser in the low hurdles and Nick Minchin in the 440. The strength of the Gilmour team, namely Eric Pennick, predominated to give them first, with Hawken coming a strong second.

The team is greatly indebted to our coaches for a great season, and particularly Head Coach Riser who kept the home track in excellent condition. 1971's strong crop of juniors should make the '72 team a great success and Hawken can look forward to a continued and growing strength in Track.





BASEBALL



The Hawken varsity baseball team of 1971 coached by rookie skipper Nat Carter had it's ups and downs. Although boasting only a 6-12 record, the youthful Hawks improved greatly during season and promise brighter horizons for Hawk baseball players in the future. With rarely more than 2 Seniors playing regularly, these younger Hawks gained much needed experience for future years. We could boast two true superstars this year in Senior Co-captain Tony Visconsi and Junior Johnny Lou Leathers. Both elected to the all-independent first team, Leathers in the outfield and Visconsi at third. Their clutch play both in the field and at bat strongly contributed to whatever success we enjoyed this year. Visconsi's one-hit shutout victory over Glenville was the high point of the season. Senior Co-captain John Lindgren displayed an amazing ability to reach base. Juniors Chuck and Tom Hall played solid all season and Tom was rewarded for his efforts by being named second-team all-independent in the outfield.





Perhaps the biggest surprise of the season was Sophomore Jim Startzman who took over first base at mid season and kept it by his consistent hitting and fielding. Other Soph's to look for on next year's team are pitcher Marc Terkel, 3rd sacker, Jer Tone, and 1st sacker, Fred Biehle. Hawken will sorely miss the services of sophomore, Jimmy Hayes, who will attend Hotchkiss next year. Junior Mark Marcelletti and Mark Corrado should, along with Terkel and Freshman, Rick Krejci, shoulder the bulk of next year's pitching burden. Marcelletti, who doubles as shortstop, knocked in three runs with a bases loaded triple against Glenville and Corrado dazzles friend and foe alike with his deft work on the base path.





Seniors Tim O'Day, Hunt Augustus, and Tommy Thompson served in utility roles. Augustus pitched, played second, and occasionally pinch hit. Defensive artist Tim O'Day played both first and outfield while Thompson, hampered by a late start, played shortstop and outfield.

This was a rebuilding year. Most of our losses were due to lack of experience. However next year's team, with 2/3 of this year's team returning, will have gained the much needed experience and a winning Hawken baseball team should be the result.



GOLF

Scott Beck and Kit Comtois, the Kenston Kids, squeezed into the front seat of the Volkswagen Super Beetle, their golf bags draped across the back seat, atop the bag of driver Bernie Weiskopf.

The scramble for air space in the blue bug typifies the struggle for the top four rungs on the ladder of the 1971 golf team. Five golfers proved that they could consistently shoot in the low forties on either nine of the tricky Orchard Hills Country Club layout, and reserves Comtois, Pete Armington and Pete Rickards also recorded rounds in the low and mid-forties.

The competition to gain a place in the starting lineup assured the Hawks of a strong showing in interscholastic matches. Two of the Hawk losses came against schools represented in the state tournament in Columbus, Orange and Wickliffe. West Geauga and Solon also defeated the Hawks, but these four teams were the only conquerors of Coach Robert Timotei's Fearsome Fivesome of Bill Thompson, Weiskopf, Rod Vese, Beck and Jeff Blaugrund. The linksmen amassed eleven victories, tying the basketball team, and only one behind the swimmers, in number of wins for the 1970-71 school year.

The golfers opened the cam-

paign against Solon, in what was supposed to be a close match. However, the four Hawken scores cannot be revealed in this, a family yearbook. I mean, the under-the-breath language used on the links made Scott Wolstein's antics last year seem placid by comparison. Oh yes — Solon won, 6½-1½, as Vese tallied Hawken's points.

Gilmour was the Hawks' next opponent, and the clubsters weathered a one-under-par 34 at Highland by the Lancers' Phil Goldeamp to win, 7½-4½, in a six-man match. Hawken's scores were much more respectable; indeed, Beck fired a 39, the lowest match score of the season. Cardinal fell to the Hawks, 7½-½, as Thompson, Vese and Blaugrund scored two points each at Grandview.

The Beachwood Bisons were to finish their season with an 8-3 record and the East Suburban Conference championship. Two of their losses were to come at the hands of the Hawks. Beck and Thompson paced the golfers in the 5½-2½ first victory, increasing Hawken's record to 3-1. Orange defeated the Hawks the following day in a thrilling sudden death playoff. The Hawk golfers were to face sudden death twice again, and both times they would triumph.





The Hawks easily defeated Cleveland Central Catholic in their next match, as Blaugrund fired a 40 at Highland. But Wickliffe won a 5-3 decision the following day, as only Blaugrund and Beck could score for the Hawks.

The nine-team Cardinal Invitational Tournament was next on the schedule, and the Hawks finished fifth. West Geauga, Wickliffe, Gilmour and Beachwood finished ahead of the Hawken foursome. Vese and Thompson shot 82 at Grandview for the 18-hole tourney. Beachwood's Dave Zabell carded a one-under-par 69 to capture medalist honors.

The Hawks took their 4-3 record to Punderson State Park the following Monday, facing Chagrin Falls. Sudden death was the order of the day, as Blaugrund holed a 25-foot birdie putt on the final hole. The Hawks triumphed, as Weiskopf parred the extra hole.

Gilmour and Richmond Heights also fell to the Hawk linksmen before the week ended. Beck and Weiskopf scored two points in each match, as the Hawks captured 7-5 and 6 1/2-1 1/2 victories. Beck's 41 in the Richmond Heights match was the Hawken weekly low score.

Chardon was the Hawk's eighth victim of the season the following week. Thompson, Balugrund and Weiskopf collected two points apiece in the 6-2 win.

But West Geauga halted the Hawks at four straight, winning 6-2, as only Weiskopf tallied. In the Beachwood rematch, Thompson posted a 40, as Weiskopf and Zabell matched 41s. However, sudden death was again required, and Thompson, Vese and Blaugrund all parred the extra hole, giving the Hawks a five-stroke victory.

Cleveland Central Catholic was again an 8-0 victim of Hawks Weiskopf, Beck, Blaugrund and Comtois, as the golfers notched their tenth win of the season. Lutheran East, who had finished last in the Cardinal Invitational, trembled in fear of Timoteo's Thumpers, and finally forfeited the last match on the Hawken schedule.

In post-season competition, ex-Coach James Young surprised by winning the Hawken Masters and Hawken Open with scores of 41 and 39, respectively. Mr. Young commented, "Rumors of my demise are grossly exaggerated." Still, he set a new Hawken School record for most cigarette butts left on Orchard Hills tees (12).

Indeed, the competition will continue on next year's squad. Vese and Weiskopf are the only seniors, and Thompson, a junior, appears the logical choice to fill the first position next season. Blaugrund and Richards are sophomores, and Beck, who displayed tremendous potential, and Comtois, are just freshmen. Junior Armington will also vie for a starting slot as the linksmen battle to top this season's 11-4 mark.

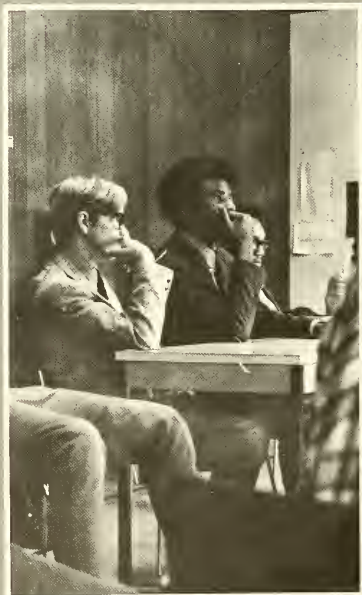




CANDIDS

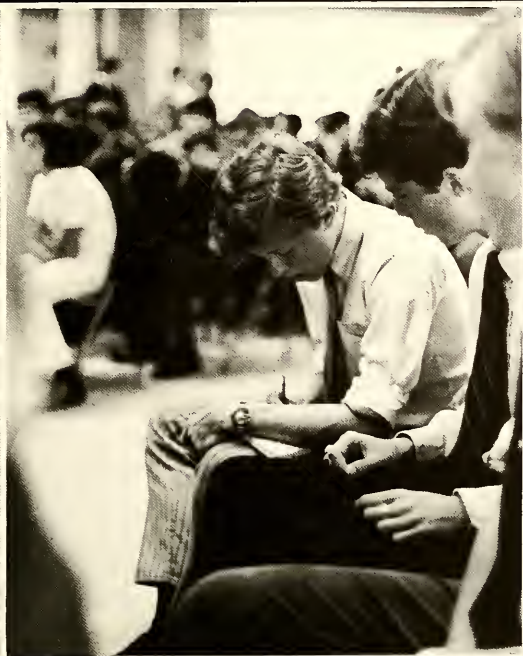


"They'll love me on Wall Street."



School's a real nose-picking experience.





"Keep writing, you're up next."



"Dey calls me da chopper."



"That's the American way."



"You can't say that in MY yearbook."



"The Onyx is a pseudo annual."



Wrong way, Rod.



One good reason for Hawken not to go co-ed.



"It gets like this when it rains."



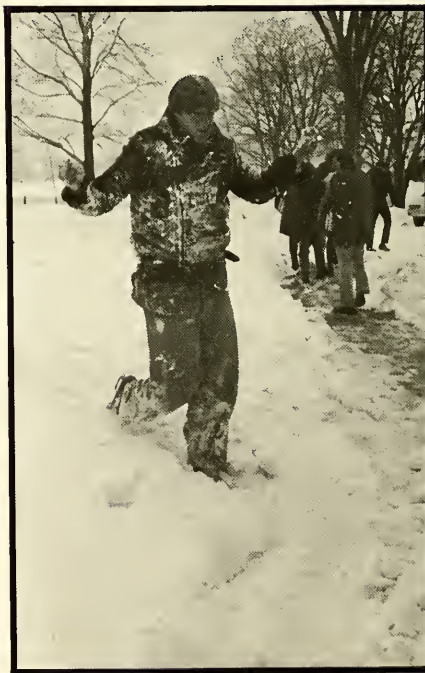
Hey Lance, I think it's your deodorant.



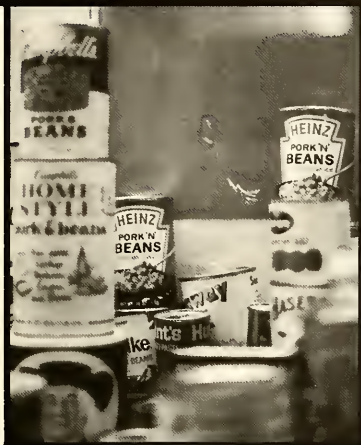
"Right on."



"I use the long-distance deodorant."



"Okay, I know when I'm not wanted."



Enough said.



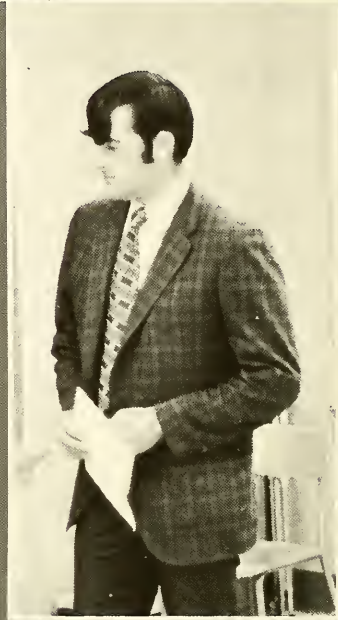
"Lo-o-o-ook into my eyes."



The good, the bad, the ugly, and Carter



"Duke, you can't fire me."



"Out Murf!"





Give up.



Will someone please give their Senior Speech?



"Pssst. What'd you get for number 14?"



Our group had 34% fewer cavities. 179



"May I please have this dance?"



"Damn Yankee machinery!"



"Okay Jeff, where were you at 2:48 A.M. Sunday morning?"



"You're right, that is an acid."



Pong, the morning after.



Applicant 837 — "I know his tests weren't so good, but you should see him play football."



G. Roby — self portrait
—A.B.



"Who are those guys?"



"Well pin a rose on my nose."



"Repugnant Swine"



Would YOU buy a record from these guys?!



Talk about waiting in line.



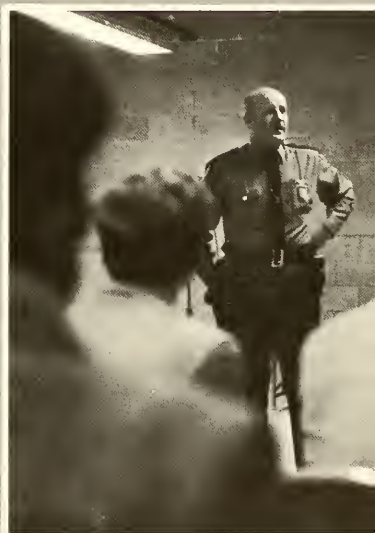
Typically Laurel



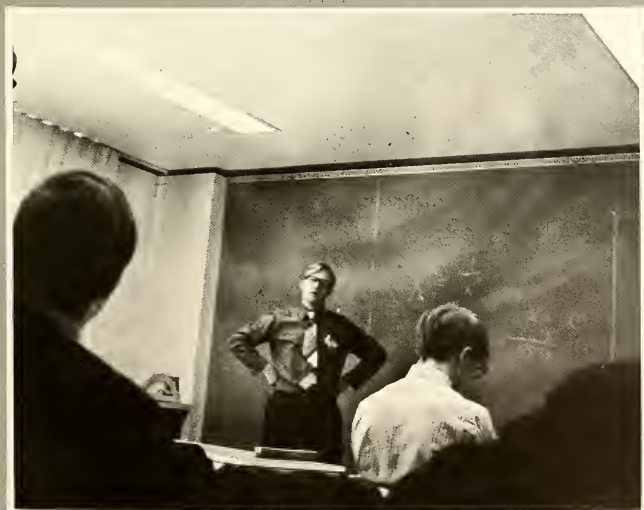
Good morning Freddy.



Things look bad for Armo.



"Yes Murphy, it is illegal to park on country roads."



"Gentlemen . . . and I use the term loosely."



"I'm sorry, I'm busy Saturday night."



"Hi Dad!"

Biggest Bop Award!
BING 54
Humphries 1 (Bing)



"I . . . I . . . I just don't know."



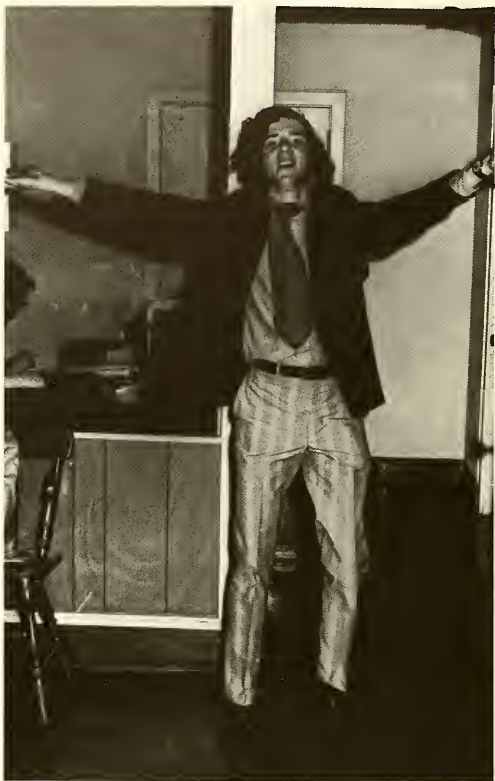
"Our Headmaster?"



"That's Orange H.S."



"Hey Carter, are you sure they said good to excellent?"



"Take me naked or not at all."



"Playboy?" "Where?"





It's Academic.



"These chapels are killing me."



"I'm telling you, it was this big."



"and that's the truth."



A Rare Appearance



Senior Project



"You can pass out when you are through."



"Yes Larry, we are having Government today."



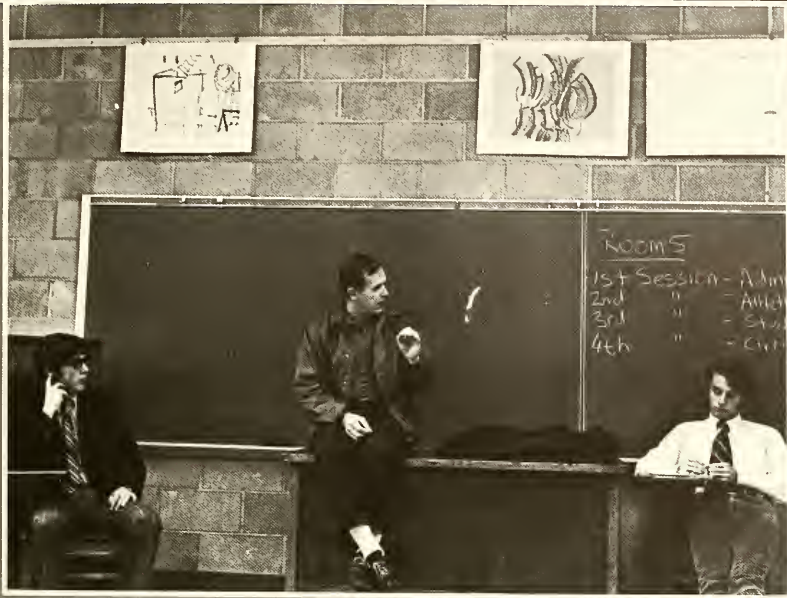
Modesty Personified



"I won it in Pro Fix."

"I'll bet ur recognizis"





"Now boys, you gotta stop all this drinking."

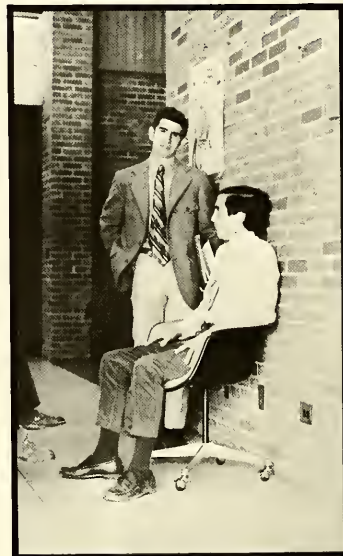
"Letter than yours."



"The mouth Fred, close it."



GRrrrrr!



"The Browns and seven — take it or leave it."



Try East Ninth and Chester.



Mr. President



"You REALLY blew it."



HARRY HIGH SCHOOL AWARD



"Speak Peasant!"

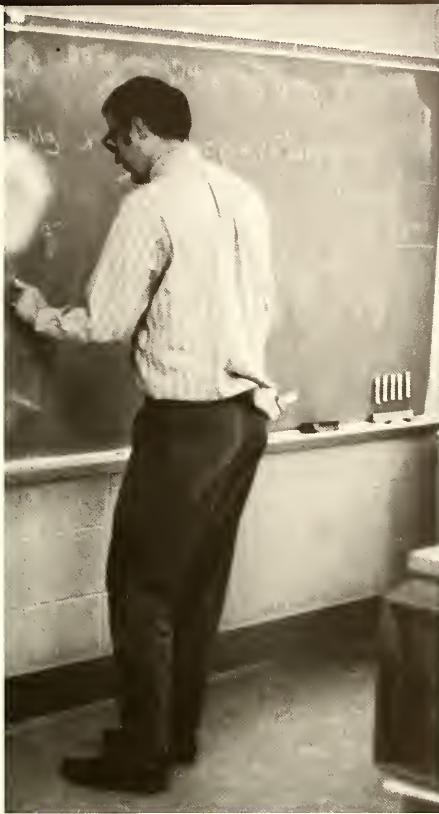


"Fire me? I've been here thirteen years. I got seniority!"





"Then this nine foot war monger stepped up to the plate."



Who is your tailor?



Six down and one to go.



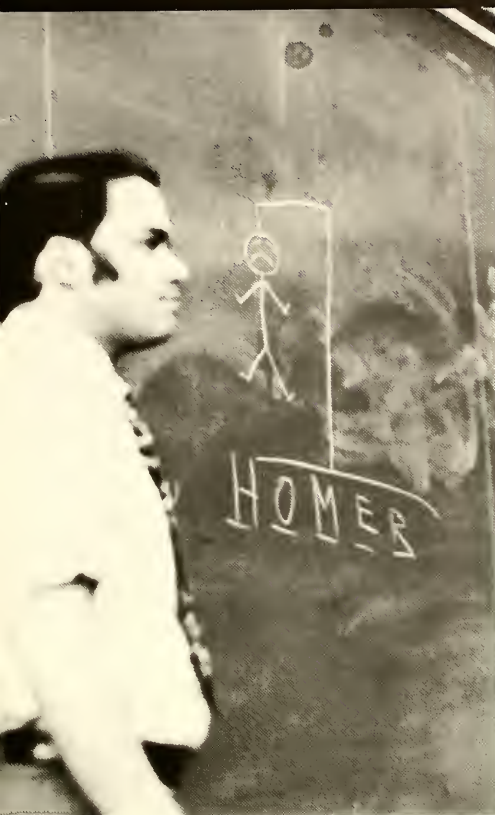
"To put it bluntly Fred, it stinks."



Gee, isn't that James Taylor



"This oughta do the trick."



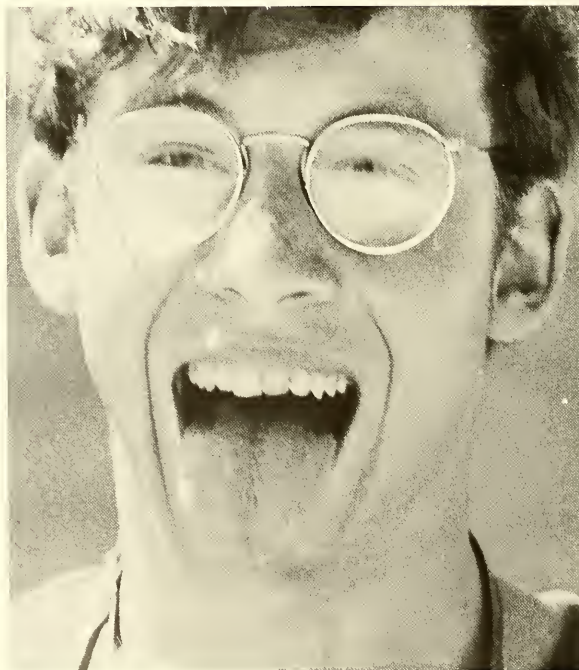
Greg?

They name it after they make it.





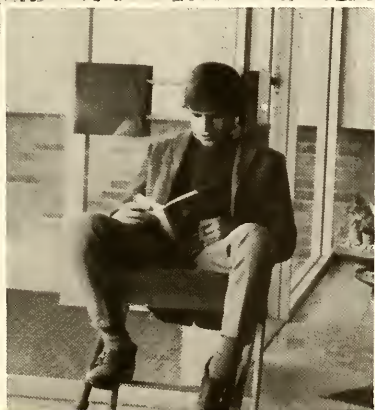
Shoveling what?



"For tomorrow, read chapters 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 . . ."



Watch that last step, Jon



"Please sir, I didn't mean it."





What the hell is that doing here.



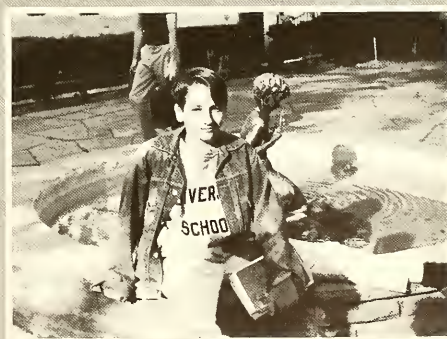
"I don't think it's funny at all."



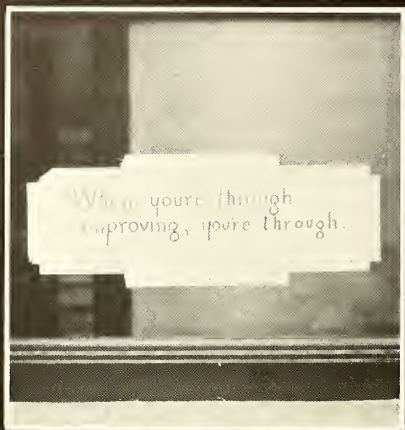
"Hey Mr. Rosenzweig, now can I join the band?"



What were they really serving at the physics party.



The big T.



These guys REALLY H.W.



"Tim, I'd like to present you with this award for having the nicest smile in my government class."



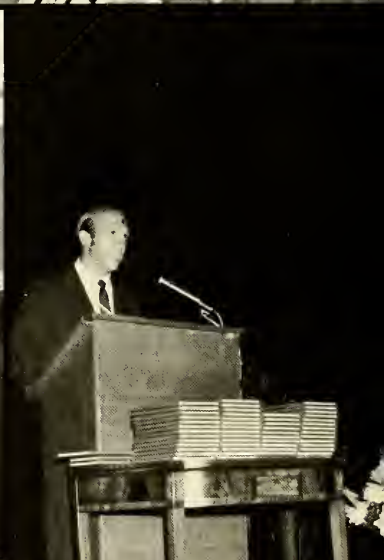
Job #07534

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Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-One





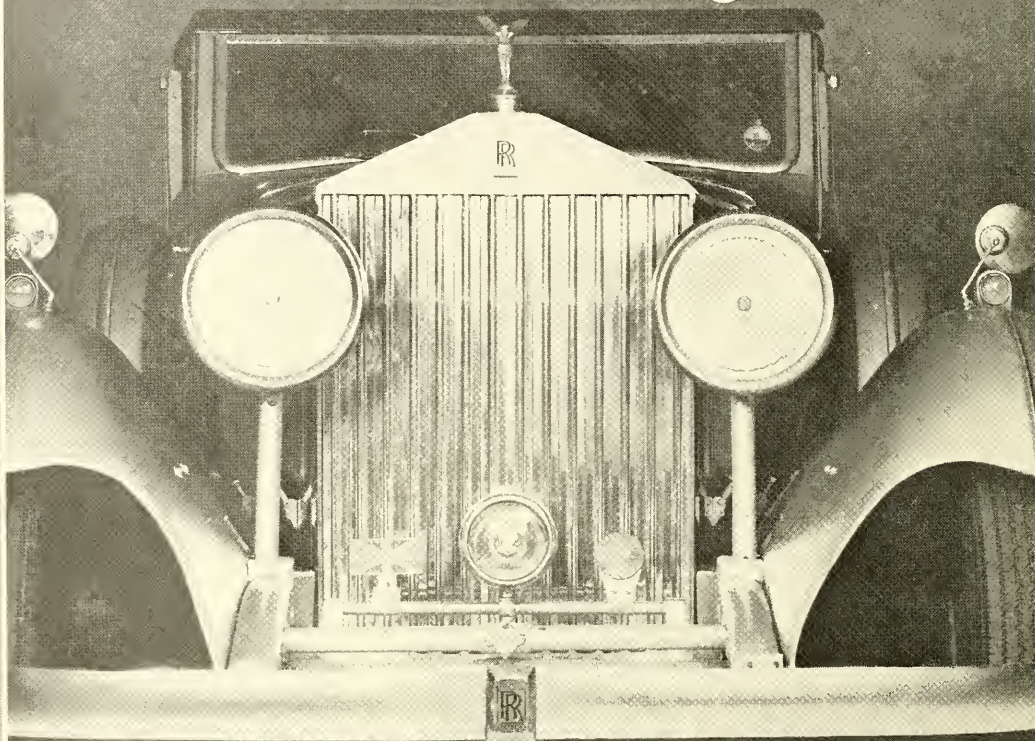


I thought they'd never leave!

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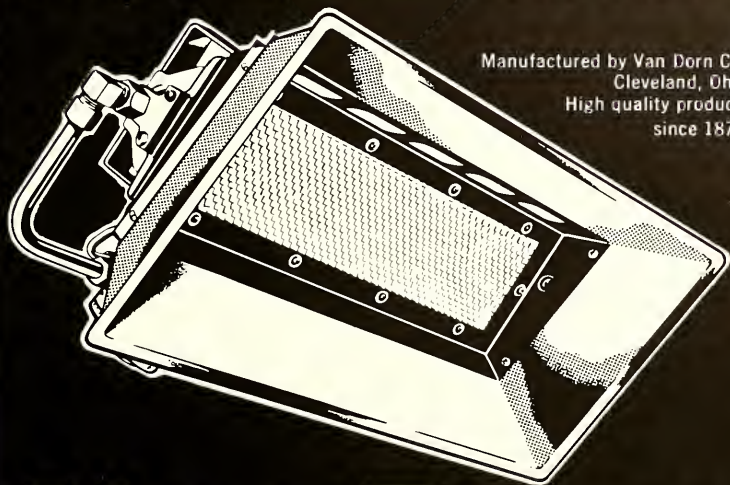
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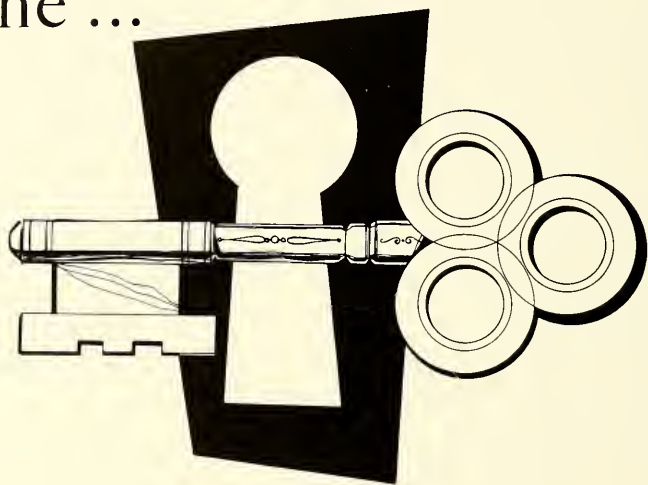
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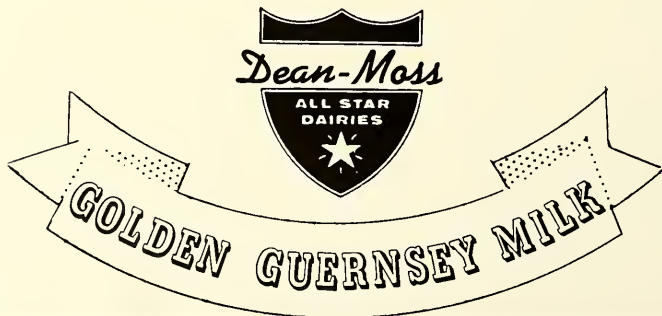
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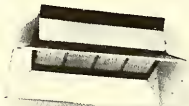
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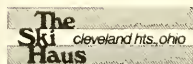
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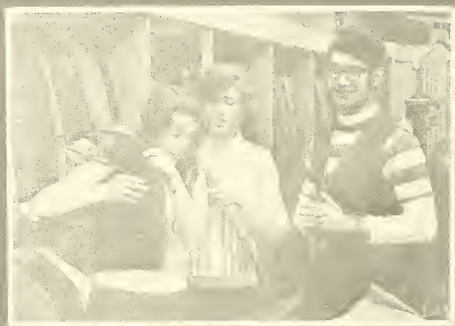
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Life is like an ice cream cone,
You have to learn to lick it. Charlie Brown
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the silent races and their abominations,
we have buried so much of the
delicate magic of life. D. H. Lawrence
— R. Hermann (congratulations)

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until you have cried. Unknown.
— G. Brand

Zoot Rollo!
C'est la vie.
— Calhouns

He who comes first, eats first. Eike Von Repkow
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When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman. G. Bernard Shaw
— S. Whitehouse

I hate these pistol brandishers. They cannot give an order without jerking a gun out. They probably pull out their pistols when they go to the toilet and order the move they will make. Lieutenant Berrendo
— J. Thorp

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Casually glancing at his toupee.
— Punky

Have a nice.
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A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.
— JM

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You know as long as I can remember
I wasn't ever liable to give myself away.
But it sure doesn't look like it makes a difference now,
So I'm gonna cry today.

You know as long as I can remember
Nobody ever got anybody back this way.
And it sure doesn't look like I'm gonna be the first,
So I'm gonna cry today.

Are you turned off by my lack of composure,
Please excuse my state, it's just that I know

You're gonna take away something that I never had,
That I thought was mine.

You know as long as I can remember
You and I never had to find ways to waste a day.
But it sure doesn't look like you're gonna be around,
So I guess I'll cry today.

Are you turned off by this over-exposure
Please excuse this mess, it's just 'cause I know
You're gonna take away something that I never had
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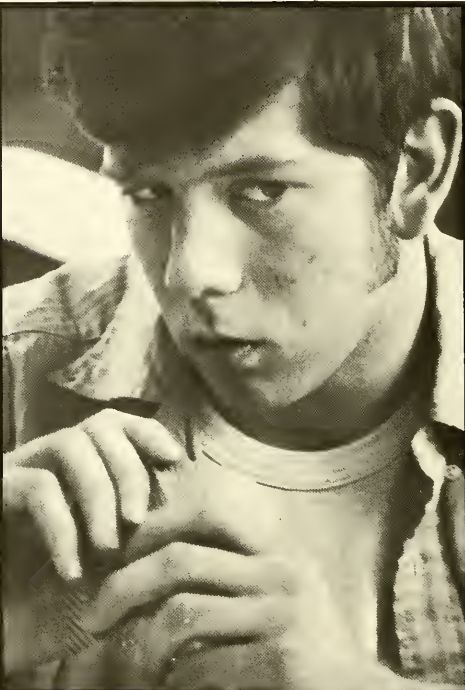
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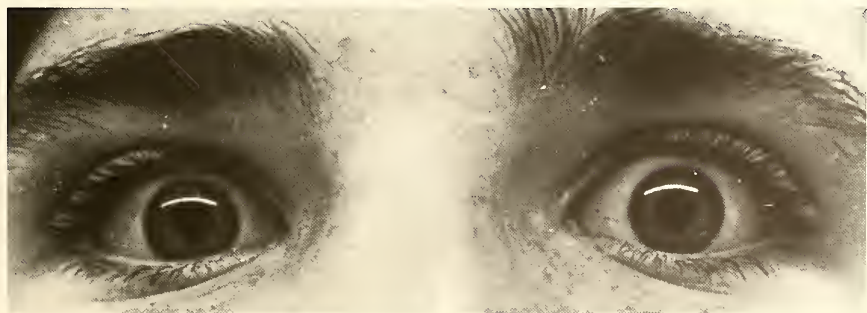
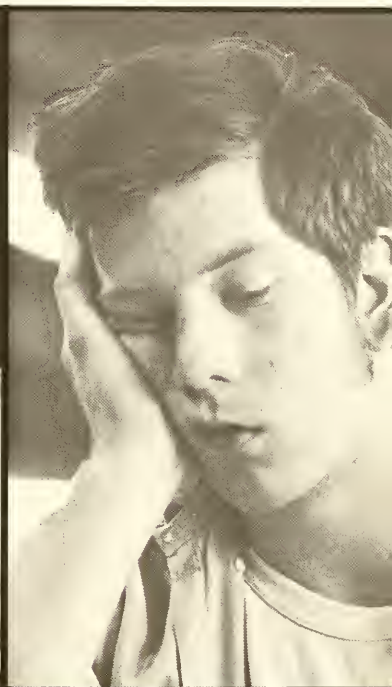
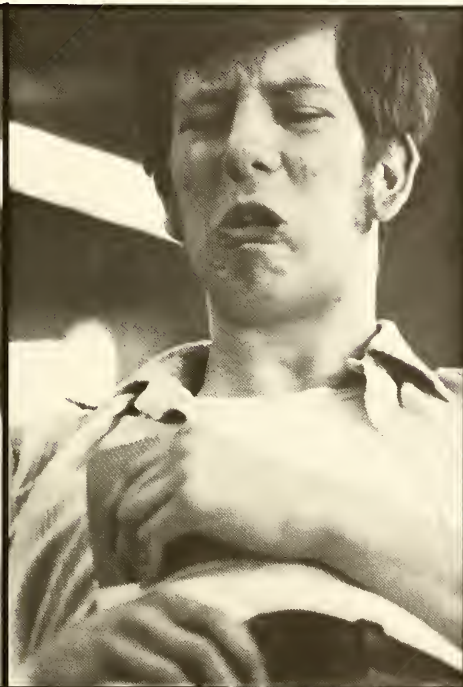
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... and so there ain't nothing mere to write about, and I am rotten gald of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't a tackled it and I ain't a-going to no mere. But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before. — Mark Twain







